A PROPHESIE VVRITTEN LONG SINCE FOR THIS YEARE, 1641.

VVherein Prelate-policie is proved to be folly.

AS ALSO,

Many notable Passages Concerning the fall of some great Church-men.

Written by a modern Poet.

LONDON,
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1641.

25 M.

A

PROPHESIE

A PROPHESIE VVRITTEN LONG SINCE FOR THIS YEARE 1641.

I Doe not wonder, as I erst have done,
That when the Prophet *Ionas* should have gone
To *Niniveh*, Gods word he disobey'd,
And would himselfe to *Tharsus* have convey'd:
For, I have now a sense how flesh and blood
The motions of the *Holy Ghost* withstood,
And feele (me thinks) how many a likely doubt
The Devill and his faulty, found him out.
He was a man, (though he a *Prophet* were,)
In whom no little weakneſſe did appeare:
And, thus he thought, perchance, *Whom shall I dare?*
A strange attempt my heart is urged to:
And, there is somewhat, warneſſly incites
That I should hasten to the Ninivites,
And, meerely, that I may alter not their Fates,
Their time of standing, or their future states.
My soule perſwadeth God injoyneth me to it;
And, sleepe in peace, I cannot, till I do it:
But, stumbling Reason *striveth to reſtraine*
This motion, *and perſwadeth me it is vaine.*
It saith, I am a finner, and ſo frailes
That many times my beſt endeavors faile

Tare Hiffe my ſelfe. How ſhall I then
Be hopefull of preuailing other men?
To Hell I haue threatned many yeares
Gods iudgements: yet, no fruit thereof appeares.
Although they haue ſome knowledge of the Lord,
And are within his League, they ſlight his word:
What hope then is there, that a heathen Nation
Will prooue regardfull of my exhortation?
The ſtile of Prophet, in this land I carry;
And ſuch a Calling, here, ordinary.
But, in a forraigne State, what warranty
Haue I, to publiſh ſuch a Propheſie?
How may the King and people take my ſpeech,
If I ſhall in the open ſtreets deſcant
So great a City? and, condemne for ſin,
A place, wherin I never yet haue bin?
If I ſhall ſay, the Lord commanded me:
Then, they perhaps, will anſwer: Who is he
For, they profeſſe him not. Nay, ſome ſuſpition
They may conceiue, that I to moue ſedition
Am ſent among them. Or, if otherwiſe,
They ſhall ſuppoſe; how can they but deſpiſe
My perſon, and my counſell, who ſhall know
So farre a place, ſo meere a ſtranger come,
That no man knowes, or what, or who I am,
Or, from what Country, or from whom I came?

Such thought (belike) delay'd and fear'd him ſo;
And, ſo the *Spirit* urg'd him ſtill to go
For *Niniveh*; that not to goe, nor ſtay,
Could he reſolve; but, fled another way.
From which rebellious courſe, God fetcheth him back
With ſuch a vengeance, that he did not lack
Sufficient proofes, how Reaſon did betray him,
And, in his *Calling*, cauſleſly affray him.

Yea

Yea (marke heav'ns providence) though *Jonas* went
Another way, it crost not God's intent,
But furthered it. For, doubtlesse, ere he came
To *Nineveh*, the miracle and fame
Of his *Deliverance*, was sent before;
And, made his preaching worke on them the more.
Now, though I doe not arrogate, nor dare
My selfe (except in frailties) to compare
With blessed *Jonas*: yet I may behold
To say, our *Causes* a resemblance hold.
My heart (and when that moves, as one averres,
It more prevailes then many Counsellers,)
My heart (I say) perswaded me erewhiles,
To reade a warning Lecture to this *Ile*.
And in such manner moved; that, to say
It came from God, me thinks, behold I may.
Yet, my owne naturall frailty, and the world,
Among my thoughts so many doubtings hurld,
That every step had rubs. I levell'd some
In my last *Canto*. Yet, I could not come
To even ground, till I had overtope
Some other Mountaines which my passage stope,
Beware said *Reason*, how thou undertake
This hazardous adventure, which to make
Thou hast resolv'd. For, this wise age denies
That God vouchsafed any *Prophesies*
Concerning them; or, that the application
Of ought foretold, pertaineth to this Nation.
She saith, my *Constancy* is no true signe
That God first moved this intent of mine;
Since Heretickes, and Traytors, oft are seene
As bold in all their causes to have beene
As *Martyrs* be. And, that for what they doe,
They can pretend the holy Spirit too.

And she perſwades, tis likely I ſhall paſſe
(At beſt) for one that much deluded was.
She ſayes, moreover, that if theſe times be
Indeed, ſo wicked, as they ſeeme to me,
I ſhall in ſtead of moving to repent,
Nought elſe but ſtir their fury, and be rent
Perhaps in pieces, by their haſty rage;
For, what's more likely in a wicked age?
When people in their ſins grow hardned once,
She ſaies I may as well goe talke to ſtones,
As tell them ought. For, they are in the dark;
And, what they ſee and heare, they doe not marke.
She urged that the Prophets in old times
Did ſpeake in vaine againſt the peoples crimes;
And if in them their words begat no faith,
Much leſſe will ſuch as mine, my *Reaſon* ſaith.
She tells me alſo, that this *Ile* hath ſtore
Of *Prophets*, and of *Preachers* never more:
She ſayes, that though their calling none neglect,
Their paines appeare to take but ſmall effect:
And, if ſuch men authorized as they,
Doe caſt their words, without ſucceſſe, away;
In vaine my *Muſe* (whoſe warrant moſt contemne)
Doth ſeeke to worke more piety in them.
A thouſand things unto the like effect;
Yea, all and more then any can object,
(Who ſhall peruſe this Book) my Reaſon brought
Before me, and objected to my thought,
And, as a *Pilgrim* (who occaſions hath
To take ſome extraordinary path)
Arrivall making at a double way,
Is doubtfull whether to proceed or ſtay:
So fared I; I was nigh tired quite,
Before I could be certaine of the right.

Yea,

Yea, twixt my doubtings, and all those replies
Which in my meditations did arise;
I so amazed grew, I could not know
Which way it best befitted me to goe:
But at the last, God brought me thorough all
My doubts and feares; as though the *Storme* and *Whale*,
Once *Jonas* came. That so, all they, who are
Ordained for their good, these lines to heare,
The more may profit, when they think upon
What straights I passed, e're this work was done.
To that intent my frailties I have so
Insisted on, as in this book I do.
Yea, I am hopefull also, they that read
These lines of mine (and mark with how much heed
And Christian awfulnesse, my heart was woo
To censure and reprove as I have done)
Will plainely see, these *Numbers* flow not from
Fantastick rashnesse; nor from envy come,
Nor spring from faction; neither were begot
By their distracted zeale, who (knowing not
What *Spirit* guides them) often are beguiled
With shewes of truth; and madly have reviled
Both good and ill: and whose unsavory *Rimes*
Defames mens persons more then check their crimes.
Dishonour Kings; their sacred names blaspheme;
And having gain'd some notions in a dreame,
Or by report (of what they know not well)
Desire their giddy thoughts abroad to tell
In hope to merit; as in deed they doe,
Sometime the pillory, and gallowes too.
I trust, I say, these lines will seeme no such;
Or, if they doe, truth is, I care not much,
Because I certaine am what pow'r infused
Those matters whereupon I now have mused:

And knows, that none will these or me condemne,
But they whose rage and follies I contemne.
Yet, that they may be sure I never vaine
Who censures me, nor what their censures are,
(When honest things I doe) here, some what more
Ile adde to what is mentioned before:
And give thee, *Britaine*, a more perfect sight
Of thy distempers, and thy sickly plight.
Yea, thou shalt know, I have not scene alone
A bodily *Consumption* feeding on
And wasting of thy *Temperature*; but that
I also have discovered of late,
A *Lethargy* upon thy soule to seale
And that as well the *Church* as *Common-weale*
Doth need a cure. Oh! doe not quite neglect,
The good of both; but one (at least) respect
Though sinfull sicknesse unbeloved be
(Although thy temporall wounds affright not thee)
Yet looke on *Sion*: yea, behold and see
Thy Spiritualties, how much impaired they be:
The *Churches* Patrimony is decay'd
And many a one is in her spoile imbrad
Those *Patrons* (as we terme them in this age)
Who of her Dowries have the patronages
Doe rob and cheat her, many times of all
And, their *Donations* basely set to sale.
Those *Cathedrals*, whom thou professedst keepe,
(And by thy lawes to be reputed were)
Are in thy borders now so multiply'd
That they are thornes and thistles in thy side
They are become a *Scylla* in thy path,
Which bites to death, and nigh unhorsed hath
Some able *Riders*. On thy *Places high*
Thy people doe commit idolatry.

And reare strange *Altars*. In thy Fields are found
Those cunning harmefull *Forces* to abound,
That spoile thy *Vines*. And, some I have eu'n seene,
Twixt whose opposed tales, are firebrands ty'd,
Which wasts thy fruits. Thy *Harvest* seemeth faire;
But secret blastings doe so much impaire
And blite the Corne, that when it comes to bread,
Thy Children oft unbowelled are fed.
Men use *Religion* as a stalking-horse
To catch preferment, yea, sometimes to worse.
And baser uses they employ the same in;
Like that bold *Harlot*, who quite void of shame,
Did of her *Vowes*, and of her *Peace-offrings* make
A Ginn, lasc'vious customers to take.
Yea, some (resembling him, from whom was call
One Devill) when one sin thy have displac't,
Of which the world tooke notice, sweep and strike
Themselves (in show) from all their other sins,
Yet secretly, let *Sathan* repossesse,
And foule them with a seven-fold wickednesse.
An universall drunkennesse will benum
Thy senses, if thou dost not soone become
More heedefull of thy state, then thou art yet:
For, ev'ry part hath his ang'ue-fit.
Thy *Academies*, which are the famous places
In which all pious knowledges and graces
Should nourisht be, and whence thy chiefe supply
Of *Teachers*, come, as from a Nursery
Ev'n those faire *Fountaynes* are much tainted grown
With doctrine hardly sound, which thence are blown
Throughout thy quarters. In their *Schooles* are heard
Vaine jiggs and jangelings, worthie'st of regard
Their very *Pulpits*, and their *Oratories*
Are Stages, whereupon their owne vainglories

Men often act. Yea, many a vaine conceit,
is brought in stead of arguments of weight:
And (which is worse) disorder is so let
Among them; and the weedes of evill life
Have so o'regrowne those *Gardens* that unlesse
Good government shall speedily redresse
That spreading mischiefe, it will overtop
The plants of *Syon*, and destroy her crop.
To be thy *Shepheards*, wolves are stolen in;
And thou hast chose who ever day begin
To sow their Tares among thy purer Seed:
And, with mixt *Orders* thy Lands pollutions breed;
For hire, and money, prophesies the *Prophet*;
The *Priest* doth preach to make a living (*Lord*
Ev'n meerely for a living) and but few
Their *holy charges* for conscience take pur pose
Which I by many figures could make apparent,
But that it is not yet within my *Compasse*
Laqueum Cave leves; little *Foxes*
Doe make men preach, whilst grave wise *Eagles*
Ingentes stupent; but large *Lyons* make
Our *Doctors* dumb: condemne not my rude verse
For, though I doe the Laurie fence the wrong,
That's true I tell you in the *Basilisks* tongue.
Our Nation, which of late was shamefully hardy
Is in that sin almost *Salamandrine*
The *Scriptures* without reverence are cited
The holy phrase, in filthie jests is abused
To flout, or praise, or curse we can apply
Gods holy word, most unreligiously:
In stead of *Emblems*, moving thoughts divine
The filthy pictures of lewd *Lovers* line
Are found in many Closets. Foolish lies,
Prophane and most lascivious *Songs*.

Are

Are publike made. Yea, those whom heretofore
A heathen *Emperour* did so abhorr,
That he, for them, their warrion *Author* sent
To undergoe perpetuall banishment.
Ev'n these, we reade; and worse then those, by far,
Allowed passe, and unreproved are
Nay, their vaine *Authors* often cherished be:
At least, they have the favour to goe free.
But, if a graver *Muse* reprove their sin,
Lord, with what a lofty zeale they talke in?
How dissolute they make it? and how vile,
Thou know'st, and art this folly thou dost smile.
Full scarily, the politick *Divine*,
(Who should allow no scarce thought to passe
Before it passe) each thing he doth suspect,
Although he finde it nothing to detect,
He feares to Licence. And if by chance
It passe abroad, for it with doth [illegible]
Mistake or misapply; and false and fade
Constructions are of good expressions made.
Yea, they who on the seate of *Judgment* sit,
Are oft, most ready, to misconstrue it.
I would they were as forward to disgrace
Those *Authors*, who have filled every place
With fruitlesse volumes. For dispersed are
Ev'n quite throughout this *Land* every yeare,
Ev'n many thousand *Reames* of basest paper,
Songs, Rimes and Ballads, whose name are scarce knowne,
Or lou'd to Vertuous knowledge and Devotion,
And this they doe to further the promotion
Of our *Divine* Art; behold of we
To publish some few sheets required be,
Containing pious *Hymns*, or Christian *Sumes*,
Or ought which into the praise of God belongs,

We do so feare the hindrance of our gaine;
That like th' *Ephesian* Siluer-smiths, we faine
A great complaint: As if no haue enlarged
A little Booke, had grieuously discharged
The Common-wealth. Whereas if it were weighed,
How much of late this Land is ouerlaid
With triuiall Volumes: how much they disguise
Corrupt our *Manners*, and *Religion*
By that abusiue matter they containe?
I should not seeme vnmanly to complaine,
These times doe for a new with *Pamphlets* which be fair
More dangerous, than mortall Plagues are wont
Euen in those bookes, whereby the simple thought
To find true knowledge, they almost be brought;
For, thence, strong *Heresies* (those being hid
Amid some doctrine of Truth) will pitch
Steale out among the peoples eares
More mischiefe, working than
And, so, to runne
An instrument
For (by their
Disturb, their priuate profit to increase)
Those *Doctrines* which are worst beloued
Are so promiscuously diuulged and dispread,
Among approued *Authors*, that some
Are in those *Labyrinths* become
And, such a confusion is in this
Which like a *Pamphlet* related
That, composed
Nor, which the
And, from this mischiefe to any
Which will, in
This, spins
By this, most

And

And what distraction it already makes
Our grieved *Mother*, woefull notice takes.
In stead of active knowledge, and her fruits;
This fill'th men with tubing of *disputes*,
And empty words, wherby are set abroach
A thousand quarrells to the *Truths* reproach.
The *Sectaries*, the *Mungrels*, and the *Apes*,
The *Cubs* and *Foxes*, which doe mar our Grapes;
The *Wolves* in sheep-skins, and our truest traitors
Of *Worship-mongers*, are unnumerable.
And, as the *Churches* cures they more or less,
So they each other pig-like trifles
We have some *Papists*, some new halfe way men,
Some *Arminians*, some wholly
Some *Anabaptists*, some of the doe refuse
Black puddings, and good pork, like strong *Jewes*.
Some also *Familists* are among us,
Our *Priests* and *People*, very lately swarming
What most so called *Orthodox*, I fear not long
And that too some by their preach
But, what soule other is predominated
Is that whereto best Christians
For, as we see the most
By *Libertines*, is term'd a *Familist*
So (by our purblinde *Formalists*) all those
Who new fanatick crotchets doe oppose
Begin to be misterm'd *Arminians* now
Or, hence e're long, still greater mischeifes grow
Then most imagine, for the foolish fear
Left they to be *Arminians* may appear
Or else be termed *Puritans*, will make
Great multitudes *Religion* quite forsake
And, I am halfe perswaded, this was one
Of those great *Schismes*, or earthquakes cause which

Fore-

Foretold in his *Apocalyps*; and they
Are blest, who shall not thereby fall away.
Some *Brownists*, and some *Familists* have we;
And some, that no man can tell what they be:
Nor they themselves. Some feine so wondrous pure
They no mans conversations can endure;
Voleſſe they uſe their plaiſt ringes; and appeare
In ev'ry formall garbe which they shall weare.
There be of theſe, who in their words denye,
And hate the practice of *Antinomye*;
Yet make an *Idol* of their formall zeale,
And underneath that holinesse conceale
A myſtery of evill, which deceaves them.
And, when they thinke all safe, in danger leaves them.
Their whole *Religion* stands in that place in hearing:
Some, in the outward action of *Pardoning*
Ill deedes; or in *well doing*, though the heart
In that performance beare no reall part.
Some others, of their morall actions make
Small conſcience: and, how ere their God they take
No notize how in body they are ſtanding,
If him in their inward man they feele
As if a ſoule beloved could not be
Within a body quite unlike to hee.
Some not contented in the act of ſinne
Are grown ſo impudent, that they begin
To joustifie themſelves in wickednesse
Or, by quaint arguments, to make it leſſe:
And, by ſuch ſubtile ſhifts to hide their ſhame
The *Chriſtian liberty* they meane.
Or elſe they take
New angle-conſcience, *Babylon* hath throwne;
And, many as fantaſticall are growne
In that, as in apparell. Some delight
In nothing more then to be oppoſite

To

To other men: Their zeale they wholy spend
The present government to reprehend;
The Churches discipline to villifie,
And raile, at all, which pleades antiquitie.
They love not peace: and therefore have suspition
Of Truth it selfe, if out of persecution:
And are so thankelesse, or so heedlesse be
Of Gods great love, in giving such a free
And plenteous meanes of publishing his word,
That, what his Prophets of the *Iewes* record,
Some verefie in us. Much praise is given
To that blinde age, wherein the *Queene of Heaven*
Was worship heare. And falsely we exmit
Those dayes, as being much more plentifull.
Some, at the frequency of *Preaching* grutch,
And, tyred with it, thicke we have too much:
Nay, impudently practise to suppresse
That Exercise, and make our plenty lesse:
And, that their doing may not want some fayre
Or goodly coulor, they doe call for Prayer,
In stead thereof; as if we could not pray,
Vntill our *Preaching* we had sent away.
As these are foolishly, or lewdly, wise;
We have some others wantonly precise.
So waywardly disps'd, amidst our plenty,
And through their curiosity, so dainty,
That, very many cannot well digest
The Bread of life, but in their manner drest.
Not will Gods *Manna*, or that measure serve,
Which he provides; But, they cry out they starve,
Vnlesse they feed upon their owne opinions,
(Which are like *Egypts* Garlike and her Onions)
Some like not Prayer that's extemporary;
Some not any, that set forme not carry:

Some

Some thinke there's no devotion, but in those
That howle, or whine, or snuffle in the nose;
As if that God vouchsafed all his Graces
For fained gestures, or for sowre faces.
Some thinke not that the man, who gravely teacheth;
Or hath a sober gesture when he preacheth,
Or gentle voyce: hath any zeale in him;
And therefore, such like *Preachers* they contemne.
Yea, they suppose that no mans doctrine saves
The soule of any one, unlesse he raves;
And roares aloud, and flings, and hurleth so
As if his armes he quite away would throw;
Or over-leap the *Pulpit*; or else breake it:
And this (if their opinion true may make it)
Is to advance their voyces *Trumpet-like*,
As God commands: yea, this (they say) doth strike
Sinne dead. Whereas indeed, God seldome goes
In whirlewinds: but is in the voyce of those
Who speake in meeknesse. And it is not in
The pow'r of noyse to shake the walls of sinne;
For clamors, antique actions, writhed lookes
And such like mimmick Rhetoricke none brookes
That hath discretion: neither doth it move
The heart of any, when we so reprove;
Except it be in some contrary motion,
Which interupts the hearts good devotion.
The well affected Christian pitties it;
It makes prophane ft men at naught to set
Gods Ordinance. Meere morall men despise
Such affectation: much it terrifies
The ignorant: but very few from thence
Receive sound knowledge, or true penitence.
Some relish nothing, but those points that are
In controversie: some would nothing heare

But

But songs of Mercy; some delight a note
But *Songs of Thunder*; and scarce any one
Is pleas'd in what he heares: Nay of their Preachers;
Mechanicks, arrogate to be the teachers;
Yea, most of us, what are we our *Parts* (yes,
Keepe still our owne opinions and our wayes.
To heare and know Gods word, to some among
Our Nation, seemeth onely to belong
To *Clergymen*; and, their implicite Faith
Is built on what the common rumour saith.
Some others fill'd with curiosity
Affirme that ev'ry sev'rall mystery
Within Gods *Booke* included, doth concerne
Ev'n each particular Christian man to learne:
Whereas they might as well affirme, each guest
That is inv'ted to a feast,
Is bound the sev'rall dishes there to feed;
And upon every meat before him feed;
Nay, some have almost this imagination,
That there is hardly hope of their salvation
Who speake not *Hebrew*: And, this now adayes,
Makes foolish women and young Prentises
To learne that holy Tongue; in which they grow
As cunning as doe those who nothing know,
Save to be arrogant, and to contemne
Those *Pastors*, who have taken chatge of them.
The appetite of some growes dull, and failes,
Vnlesse it may be pampered with Quailes;
High flying crotchets, which we soe doe fill
Not halfe so many soules as they doe kill.
We cannot be contente to make our flights,
For that which God expoſeth to our sights;
And search for that which he is pleas'd to show,
But, we must also pry, what God doth know.

Which

Which was indeed an ancient fallacy
Of *Sathan*; and the very same whereby
He cheated *Eave*. From seeking to discover
Beyond our warrant, what God onely knowes,
Proceedeth many errors. Thence doth come
Most questions that have troubled *Christendome*.
Yea, searching things conceal'd, hath ever thrown
The comfortable use of what is knowne.

Hence flowes their fruitlesse fond asseveration,
Who blundred on *Eternall-Reprobation*,
And many groundlesse whimsies have invented,
Whereby much better musings are prevented.
Of *Reprobation* I no doubt have made;
Yet, those vaine quarrelings which we have had,
Concerning her, and her antiquity,
(But that the world hath wiser tooles then I)
Appeares to me to bring so little fruits,
That I suppose it fitter for disputes
In hell, (among the reprobrated crue)
Then for for a Church of *Christians* to pursue.
At least to brawle about with such hot rage,
As hath possest some Spirits of this age.
For, some have urg'd this point of *Reprobation*,
As if the chiefest ground-worke of salvation
Depended on beleeving, just, as they
(Deluded by their fancies) please to fay.
And, though they never found Gods holy word
Did any mention of the same afford,
But, as of that which did begin since *Time*;
And with respect to some committed crime:
They, nevertheleffe, their strength to gether gather,
To prove the *Child* is older then the *Father*.
And, since that fatall thred, there, finds her spinning,
But from *Of*, at furthest from *Beginning*:

They

They *Reprobation*, otherwhile confound
With our *Predestination*; which is found
No where in all the Scripture, to respect
The *Reprobates*, but onely Gods Elect:
And then they are compeld to prove the sense
Of their darke *Tenet*, by an inference;
And to affirme (from reason) that *Election*
Eternall, doth inferr the like reiection,
(As if an action of *Eternity*
Were fit to equate our shallow reasons by)
Which Argument because it hath not taken
True Faith, to ground on, may with ease be shaken.
Their tottering structures therefore, up to keepe,
They into Gods foreknowledge boldly peep,
Beyond his warrant; searching for *Decrees*
And *secrets*, farther then an *Angell* sees:
Presuming them, as if all things they knew,
And had *Eternitie* within their view.
But, that hath such an infinite extension,
Beyond their narrow-bounded comprehension,
That, there, they wander on, till they are madd:
And loose that little knowledge, which they had:
For what are they but mad-men who maintaine
The giddie fancies of their owne weake braine,
For *Theses* of *Religion*, which we must
Beleeve as they affirme them, or be thrust
Among the *Reprobates*? What lesse, I pray,
Are they then madd, who foole their wits away
In wheeling Arguments which have no end?
In Straines which man shall never apprehend?
In seeking what their knowledge doth exceed?
In vaine disputings, which contentions breed.
In strange *Chymera's*, and fantastick notions,
That neither stirre us up to good devotions.

Nor mend our manners? But our *wayes* pervert,
Distract the *Judgement*, or puffe up the heart.
If this I may not madnesse call, or folly,
Tis (at the best) religious melancholly.
What shall we judge of those who strive to make (stake
Gods Word (whose *Terme*) and *Scope* they much mi-
Their proofes for that whereof no proofes they are,
And sleight those *Truths*, for which the Text is clear:
What shall we deeme of those, who quite mistaking
Good Authors, (and their Volumes guiltie making
Of what they never meant) doe preach and write
Against those Bookes, with rancorous despight,
Which being well examin'd, say the same
Which they affirme, and check what they doe blame.
Such men there be, and they great noise have made
By fighting furiously with their owne shade.
What may be thought of them, who likely, ever,
In their perverse opinions to persever,
Take knowledge up on trust: and follow those
Who leade them on, as wild-geese fly in rowes;
And when their multitude is waxen great,
Doe then so wilfully prejudicate,
Become so confident of that they hold,
And in their blind assurance, so are bold,
That they can brook no tryall, neither see
Their oversights, how plaine so ere they be?
But fondly think (though we beleeve it not)
That they infallibitie have got?
Some pious men; yea, some great Doctors tread,
Such *Labyrinths*; and often are misled
By holding that which they at first were taught,
Without due proving all things as they ought;
And vulgar men are often led awry,
By their examples, and for company.

For,

For, as a Traveller, that is to come
From some far Country, through large desarts, home;
(Not knowing well the way) is glad to take
His course with such who showes of cunning make,
And walkes along, depending still on them,
Through many a wood, and over many a streame,
Till he and they are lost; there to remaine
He finds no safetie, nor meanes back againe,
Nor list to leave his company; because
He hopes that nearer homeward still he drawes,
And that his guides full sure of passage are,
Although they cannot well describe in there.
So, when plaine men doe first attempt the way
Of knowledge, by their guides, they walk astray,
Without distrust: and when arriv'd they be
Where many troublesome windings they doe see,
And where no certaintie they can behold,
Yet, on their leaders knowledge they are bold,
Or on their multitude; yea, though they know,
And, see them erre, and turne, and stagger so,
(In darksome paths) that well suppose they may;
They rove and wander in an uncouth way;
Yet, still they are unwilling to suspect
The wisdome of the *Fathers* of their Sect.
Yea, though no satisfaction they can find,
Though feares and doubtings doe afflict their mind,
They still impute it rather to their owne
Infirmities, or to the depths unknowne
Of those mysterious points, to mention brought;
But never call in question what is taught:
Lest being by those Teachers terrifide,
They might forsaken in despaire abide.
Their *Doctors*, also, failing to devise
Strong Arguments, their hearers to suffice;

This course, to salve their credits, late have got;
They say (forsooth) *Faith's* doctrine settles not
With naturall capacities; and that
The *Spirit* must those men illuminate
Who shall receive them. And, indeede in this,
They doe both say the truth, and say amisse:
This is a Jesuiticall juggling trick,
And, if allow'd it be, each lunatick,
And ev'ry brain-sick *Dreamer*, by that way,
May foist upon us all that he can say.

For, though Gods holy *Spirit* must create
New hearts within us, and regenerate
Depraved nature, e're it can be able
To make our outward hearings profitable;
We must not thinke that all which fancy saith
(In termes obscure) are mysteries of Faith.
Nor make the hearers want of pow'r to reach
Their meanings, to be proofes of what they teach.

There is twixt men, and that which they are taught,
Some naturall proportion, or tis naught.
The deepest mystery of our profession,
Is capable of literall expression,
As well to *Reprobates*, as men *elected*;
Or else it may of error be suspected.
Yea wicked men a power graunted have
To understand, although they misconceive.
And can of darkest points make plaine relations,
Though to themselves they faile in applications.

God never yet did bid us take in hand
To publish that which none can understand:
Much lesse affecteth he a man should mutter
Rude sounds of that, whose depth he cannot utter;
Or in uncertaine termes, as many doe,
Who preach Non-sense, and oft *non ensia* too.

For

For those which man to man is bound to show,
Are such plaine Truths, as we by word may know;
Which when the hearer can expresse againe,
The fruit hath equalled the Teachers paine.
Then, though the soule doth many times conceive
(By Faith, and by that Word which we receive)
Deep mysteries, and that which farre transcends
A carnall knowledge; though she apprehends
Some glimmerings of those *Objects*, that are higher
Then humane Reason ever shall aspire;
Though she hath tastings of that blessednes,
Which mortall tongue could never yet expresse;
And though the soule may have some earnest given
On earth, of what it shall enjoy in heaven;
Though God may when he list (and now and then
For cause not ordinary) to some men
Vouchsafeth (for their secret satisfactions)
A few reflections from eternall actions:
Though this be so, let no man arrogate
That he such secrets can by word relate:
For, they are things, of which no voyce can preach;
High flights, to which no mortall wing can reach;
Tis Gods owne worke, such raptures to convay,
To compasse them there is no other way,
But by his blessed *Spirit*. And, of those
Most can we not; some must we not disclose.
For, if they onely touch our private state,
They were not sent, that we should them relate;
But daigned that the soule they strengthen might
Amid the perills of some secret fight;
When men to honour God, or for their sinne,
The terrours of this life are plunged in.
And, as it is reputed of those things,
Which foolish people thinke some *Fairy* brings,

So, of *Enthusiasmes* speak I may;
Discover them, and straight they fly away.
For, thus they fare who boast of *Revelations*,
Or of the certainty of their *Salvations*,
Or any ghostly gift, at times or places,
Which warrant not the mention of such graces:
Yea, by revealing things which they should hide,
They entrance make for over-weening pride:
And that quite marres the blessing they possest,
Or, for a while, obscureth it, at best:
And yet, if any man shall chance so high,
That they attaine unto a *Mystery*,
Conceiv'd by few; they may, if they be able,
Disclose it where it may be profitable.
But, they must know, that (if it be, indeed,
Of such transcendency, as doth exceed
Meere naturall reaches) it should be declard
To none, save unto those who are prepar'd
For such conceptions; and more apt to know them
By their owne thoughts, then are our words to show them.
Else, all they utter will in clouds appeare,
And errors, men, for truths, away will beare.
Would this had beene observ'd a little more,
By some who in our *Congregations* roare
Of Gods unknowne *Decrees*, *Eternall-Callings*,
Of *Perseverance*, and of *Finall Fallings*,
And such like *Mysteries*. Of else, I would
That they their meanings better utter could,
(If well they meant.) For, though those points afford
Much comfort and instruction (as Gods word
Hath mention'd them) and may applyed be,
And opened, when we just occasion see;
Yet, as most handle them, who now adayes
Doe passe for Preachers, with a vulgar praise,

They

They profit not: for, this ripe age hath young
And forward wits, who by their fluent tongue,
And able memories, a way have found
To build a house, e're they have laid the ground.
With common places, and with notes purloin'd,
(Not well applyed, and as ill conjoyn'd)
A garb of preaching these have soone attained,
Which hath, with many, approbation gained
Beyond their merit. For, they take in hand
Those mysteries, they neither understand,
Nor studied on. And, they have much distracted
Some hearers, by their doctrines ill compacted:
Yea, by enquiring out what God *fore-sees*,
And medling much with his unknowne Decrees,
The *Churches* peace so much disturb'd have they;
So foule and crooked made *Faiths* plainest way;
Such scandals raisd; and interrupted so,
By doubts impertinent, what men should doe;
And, their endeavours nullifide, so far,
That many of them at a nonplus are.

I am not of their minds, who take from this
And other things, that are perform'd amisse,
Occasion to disparage frequent preaching;
Or, to abate our plentiousnesse of teaching:
For, of our *Harvest*, Lord, I humbly pray,
The store of *Labourers* continue may.
And, I could also wish, that none were chose
To be a seed-man, till he truly knowes
The Wheat from Tares; and is indu'd with reason,
And grace, to sow in order, and in season.
And that those artlesse workmen may be staid,
Who build before foundations they have laid:
Lest, when our *Church* well built, suppose we shall,
It sink, and overwhelme us in the fall.

It pities me to marke what rents appeare
Within our *Sion*; and what daubings are
To hide the ruines; and I feare the frame
Will totter, if we long neglect the same.
Our *Watchmen*, for the greater part, are growne
Lesse mindfull of Gods honour, than their owne:
For either almost wholly we omit
That worke, or undiscreetly follow it.
Some, speake the truth, without sincere intention,
As they who preach the *Gospell* for contention.
Some, by their wicked lives doe give offence,
And harden men in their impenitence.
As if nor hell nor heav'n they did beleeve,
They ryot, game, drink drunk, and whore, and theeve,
For avarice, and envy, none are worse;
They are malicious, and blaspheme, and curse,
As much as any others. None are more
Regardlesse of the soule that's meane and poore;
Among their neighbours, none more quarrelsome,
Or, that more hardly reconcil'd become,
Then many *Clergie-men*. And as we see
They are the best of men, when good they be;
So, there are none that wander more astray,
When they have left a sanctified way.
Some Pastors are too hot; and some too cold;
And, very few the golden temper hold.
Some, at the *Papist* with such madnesse fling,
As if they could not utter any thing
Of them too vile; though ne're so false it were;
And, we so used by their *Jesuites* are.
Some others at the *Puritan* doe strike,
So furiously, that they are often like
To wrong the *Protestants*: for, men impose
That name, sometime, upon the best of those;

Yea,

Yea, they who are prophane, that name mis-lay
On all who make a conscience of their way.
Some *Shepheards*, on their Flocks are gorg'd at full,
And sumptuously arayed in their woull.
But, those that are diseas'd, they make not strong;
Their sickliest sheepe they seldome come among;
They take no care, the broken up to bind,
The Sheepe that's lost, they doe not seeke to find;
They let such wander as will run astray:
And, many times the fury so doth fray
The tender conscience; that their indiscretion
Doth fright their hearers headlong to perdition.

Gods bounty hath large pastorage provided;
But, they have not his flocks with wisdome guided.
For, in the midst of plenty, some be ready
To starve in ignorance. Some sheepe are headdy;
Some get the staggers; some the scab; and they
Infect their fellowes. Some, the wantons play
Among the thornes and bryers, which have torne
The marks and fleeces, which they should have worn.
Some straggle from the flock; and they are straight
Surpriz'd by Wolves, which lye for them in wait.
Some, sought large feeding, and ranck pastures got,
Which prov'd not wholsome, & they caught the Rot.

For, many preach themselves, and fancies broach,
That scandall preaching, to the Truths reproach.
Yea, some terme that (forsooth) Gods word divine,
Which would halfe shame me, should they terme it
And they we see, that longest pray and speake (mine.
Are priz'd of most (though head nor foot they make)
Because the common hearers of this Land,
Think best of that, which least they understand.

Some, also, by their feet disturb the Springs;
Or trample and defile Gods pasturings;

And

And they are either such who make obscure
Faiths principles; or, such whose lives impure,
Prophane their Doctrines. Other some have we,
Who (like the beasts that over-gamesome be)
Doe push their weaker brethren with their hornes;
And hunt them from the flock, by wrongs, or scornes.

Gods *houses*, also, much neglected are;
And of his *Sanctuaries*, few have care.
A barne, or any common house, or roome,
Is thought as well Gods worship to become,
As in the *Churches* infancy; or there,
Where wants, and warrs, and persecutions are.
Amidst our peace and plenties, we doe grutch
Our *Oratories* should be trimm'd as much
As are our vulgar dwellings; and repine
That exercises which are most divine,
Should with more *Rites*, or *Ornaments*, be done,
Then when the troublous times afforded none.
As if a *Garden*, when the flow'rs are blowne,
Were still to look as when it first was sowne.

To worship so in spirit, we pretend
That, in our bodies, we doe scarcely bend
A leg, or move a cap, when there we be,
Where Gods most holy *Mysteries* we see.
Yea, many seeme so carefull to have bin,
To let no *Superstition* enter in,
That they have, almost, wholly banisht hence,
All *Decency*, and pious *Reverence*.

The *Church*, by *Lukewarme Christians*, is neglected,
By brutish *Atheists* is disrespected;
By greedy *Worldlings*, robbed of her fleeces;
By selfe-wild *Schismatiks*, nigh torne in peices;
By *Tyrants*, and by *Infidels* opposed;
By her *blind Guides*, to hazard oft exposed;

By

By *Hypocrites*, injuriously defamed;
And, by the frailties of the best, oft shamed.
A pow'r ecclesiasticall is granted
To them, full often, who those minds have wanted
Becomming such Authoritie: and they
Play fast and loose, ev'n with the *Churches* Key,
They censure and absolve, as best shall make
For their advantage; not for conscience sake.
As they shall please, they punish or connive;
And, by the peoples follies they doe thrive.
Of evill customes, many are we see
Insinuated, and so strict are we
To keep them, that we sottishly deny
To leave them, for what more would edifie:
And we so much doe *Innovations* feare,
That needfull *Reformations* none appeare.
We have prophaned ev'ry holy thing;
Ev'n our most Christian *Feasts*, which are to bring
Gods *Mercies* to our thought; and memorize
Of *Saving-Grace*, the sacred *Mysteries*:
Some have ev'n those gain-layed; and, in that
Have evill spoken, of they know not what.
Some others keep them; but, as heathenishly,
As *Feasts* of *Bacchus*; and impietie
Is then so rife, that God is rarely nam'd
Or thought upon, except to be blasphem'd.
By these, and other wayes, the *Church* doth lose
Much honour, to the glory of her foes,
And our great shame, and losse: for, her decayes
Shall be this *Realmes* disprofit, and dispraise.
God hath a Controversie with our *Land*;
And, in an evill plight affaires doe stand.
Already we doe smart for doing ill;
Yet, us the hand of God afflicteth still,

And

And many see it not; as many be
So wilfull, that his hand they will not see.
Some, plainly view the same, but nothing care;
Some, at the sight thereof amazed are
Like *Balthazar*; and have a trembling heart;
Yet, will not from their vanities depart.
About such matters, other some are loth
Their thoughts to busie (meerely out of sloth)
Like him, who rather would in hazard put
His life, than rise from bed the doore to shut.
Some, dreame that all things doe by chance succeed,
And that I prate more of them than I need.
But, Heav'n and Earth, to witnesse I invoke,
That, causlesly, I nothing here have spoke.
If this, oh sickly *Iland*, thou beleeve,
And for thy great infirmitie shalt grieve;
And, grieving of thy follies make confessions;
And so confesse thine infinite transgressions:
That thou amend those errors: God shall then
Thy manifold distempers cure agen;
Make all thy scarlet sins as white as snow,
And cast his threatned judgement on thy foe.
But, if thou (fondly thinking thou art well)
Shalt sleight this *Message*, which my *Muse* doth tell.
And scorne her counsell; If thou shalt not rue
Thy former wayes; but, frowardly pursue
Thy wilfull course: then, harke what I am bold,
(In spight of all thy madnesse) to unfold.
For, I will tell thy *Fortune*; which, when they
That are unborne, shall read, another day;
They will beleeve Gods mercy did infuse
Thy *Poets* breft with a prophetick *Muse*.
And know, that he this *Author* did prefer,
To be from him, this *Ilis Remembrancer*.

If thou, I say, oh *Britaine*, shalt retaine
Thy crying sinnes, thou dost presume in vaine,
Of Gods protection. If thou stop thine eare,
Or burne this *Booke*, in which recorded are
Thy just *Inditements*; it shall written be,
With new additions, deeply stampt on thee
With such *Characters*, that no time shall race
Their fatall image, from thy scarred face.
Though haughtily thou dost thy selfe dispose,
Because the Sea thy borders doth enclose,
Although upon the Rocks thy neast is plac'd,
Though thou among the Stars thy dwelling hast;
Though thou encrease thy ships; and unto that
Which is thine owne, with King *Iehosaphat*,
Joyne *Ahabs* forces. Though thou watch and ward
And all thy Ports and Havens strongly guard;
Although thou multiply thy inland forces,
And muster up large troups of men and horses;
Though like an *Eagle*, thou thy wings display'st,
And (high thy selfe advancing) proudly say'st;
I sit aloft, and am so high, that none
Can fetch me from the place I rest upon.
Yea, though thou no advantages didst want,
Of which the glorioust *Empires* did vaunt;
Yet, sure, thou shalt be humbled and brought low;
Ev'n then, perhaps, when least thou fear'st it so.
Till thou repent, prouisions which are made
For thy defence, or others to invade,
Shall be in vaine; and still, the greater cost
Thou shalt bestow, the honour that is lost
Shall be the greater; and thy wasted strength,
Be sick of a *Consumption*, at the length.
Thy *Treaties*, which for peace or profit be,
Shall nether peace, nor profit, bring to thee.

Or,

Or, if thy Counsels prosper for a while,
God will permit it, onely to beguile
Thy foolishnesse; and tempt thee on, to run
Some courses, that will bring his Judgements on:
Yea, all thy winnings shall but fuell be,
To feed those follies that now spring in thee;
And make (with vengeance) those the more enrag'd
Who shall for thy correction be engag'd.
What ever threatned in Gods Book hath bin,
Against a wicked people for their sin,
Shall come on thee: His hand shall be for ill,
On every Mountaine, and high-raised Hill,
Thy lofty *Cedars*, and thy sturdy *Oakes*,
Shall feele the fury of his thunder-strokes.
Upon thy ships, thy Havens, and thy Ports,
Upon thy Armes, thy Armies, and thy Sorts,
Upon thy pleasures and commodities,
Thy Crafts mechanick, and thy Merchandize;
On all the fruits, and cattell in thy fields,
On what the Ayre, or what the Water yeelds,
On Prince and People; on both weak, and strong,
On Priest, and Prophet; on both old, and yong;
Yea, on each person, place, and ev'ry thing,
The plague it hath deserved God shall bring.
What ever thou dost hope, he frustrate shall;
And, make what e're thou feareſt, on thee fall.
This pleasant soyle, wherein such plenty growes,
And where both milke and honey overflowes,
Shall for thy peoples wickednesse be made
A Land as barren, as what never had
Such plenties in it. God shall drive away
Thy pleasant Fowles, and all those Fish that play
Within thy waters; and for whose great store
Some other Nations would have prais'd him more.

Those

Those Rivers, that have made thy Vallies rich,
Shall be like streames of ever-burning Pitch.
Thy dust, as Brimstone; fields as hard and dry
As iron is; the Firmament, on high,
(Like Brasse) shall yeeld thee neither raine nor due,
The hope of wasted blessings to renue.
A leanenesse, shall thy fatnesse quite devoure;
Thy Wheat shall in the place of wholsome flowre,
Yeeld nought but bran. In stead of grasse and corne,
Thou shalt in times of harvest reap the thorne,
The thistle, and the bryar. Of their shadowes
Thy *Groves* shall robbed be. Thy flowry *Meadowes*
Shall sterile waxe. There shall be seldome seene
Sheep on thy Downes, or *Shepheards* on the greene;
Thy walks, thy gardens, and each pleasant plot,
Shall be as those where men inhabit not.
Thy *Villages*, where goodly dwellings are,
Shall stand as if they unfrequented were.
Thy *Cities*, and thy *Palaces*, wherein
Most neatnesse and magnificence hath bin,
Shall heaps of rubbish be, and (as in those
Demolisht *Abbies*, wherein Dawes, and Crowes,
Now make their nests) the bramble, and the nettle,
Shall in their halls, and parlours, root, and settle.
Thy Princes houses, and thy wealthy Poors,
Now fill'd with men of all degrees and sorts,
Shall no inhabitants in them retaine,
But some poore Fisherman, or Country Swaine,
Who of thy glories, when the marks they see,
Shall wonder what those mighty ruines be;
As now they doe, who old foundations find,
Of Townes and Cities, perisht out of mind.
The places where much people meetings had,
Shall vermine holes, and dens for beasts be made.

Or

Or walks for *Knights*, who from those uncouth mouns
Shall fright the passengers which that way comes.
In stead of *Dining* and *Lodging*, *Lamentation*
Shall there abide: and each home *Sorrow*,
In stead of *Company*. Where once was heard
Sweet melody, men shall be made afeard
With hideous cryes, and howlings of despaire.
Thy very *Climate*, and thy temperate ayre,
Shall loose their wholsomnesse for thy offences,
And breed hot *Fevers*, *Murrains*, *Pestilence*,
And all diseases. They that now are trained
In ease, and with soft pleasures entertained
In stead of idle games, and wanton dances,
Shall practise how to handle guns, and launces:
And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces,
To end their lives in divers uncouth places,
Or else, thy face, with their owne blood defile,
In hope to keepe themselves, and theirs, from spoile.
Thy beautious *Women* (whose great pride is more
Than theirs, whom *they* blamed heretofore)
In stead of paintings, and of costly sents,
Of glittering gems, and pretious ornaments,
Shall weare deformitie about their faces,
And, being rob'd of all their tempting graces,
Feele wants, diseases, and all such like things
Which to a wanton *Lover* loathing brings.
Thy God, shall for thy overflowing vices,
Scourge thee with *Scorpions*, *Serpents*, *Cockatrices*,
And other such; whose tailes with stings are armed,
That neither can be plucked forth, nor charmed.
Thou shalt not be suffer'd when thou art fed;
Nor shalt thou suffer scarcitie of bread
And temp'rall food alone; but, of that meat,
Whereof the faithfull soule desires to eate.

That

That curſe of *Ravenous beaſts*, which God hath ſaid,
Vpon a wicked kingdome ſhall be laid,
He will inflict on thee. For though there be
No Tygers, Lyons, Wolves, or beares in thee!
By beaſtly minded men (that ſhall be farre
More cruell then thoſe bloody ſpoylers are)
Thou ſhalt be torne: for, each man ſhall aſſay
His fellow to devoure as lawfull prey.
In ſtead of *Lyons*, *Tyrants* thou ſhalt breed,
Who not of conſcience, not of Law take heed;
But, on the weake mans portion lay their paw,
And, make their *Pleaſures*, to become their *Law*!
In ſtead of *Tigers*, men of no compaſſion,
A furious, and a wilfull generation,
Shall fill thy borders. Theeves, and outlawes vile,
Shall hunt the waies, and haunt the woods for ſpoyle,
As *Beares*, and *Wolves*. A ſubtile cheating crew
(That will with tricks and couſenages purſue
The ſimpleſt ſort) ſhall here encreaſe their breed,
And, in their ſubtleties the *Fox* exceed.
That hoggiſh herd, which alwaies rooting are
Within the ground, and never upward reare
Their grunting ſnouts; nor fixe their eyes on heav'n,
To looke from whence their daily food is giv'n:
Thoſe filthy ſwinish livers, who deſire
To feede on draffe, and wallow in the mire:
Thoſe, who affect ranke puddles, more then ſprings;
To trample and diſpiſe moſt precious thing;
The holy to prophane; Gods hearbs of *grace*
To nouzle up, his Vineyard to deface;
And ſuch like harmes to doe: theſe ſhall thy fields,
Marre worſe, then thoſe wild *Beaſts* the fruict yeelds.
If thou remaine impenitent, thou art
Like *Egypt*; and ſo ſtony is thy heart.

For which obdurateneſſe, thoſe plagues will all
Deſcend on thee, which did on *Egypt* fall,
Blood, *Frogs*, and *Lice*, great ſwarmes of uncouth *Flies*,
Th'infectious *Murraine*, whereof Cattle dies,
Boyles, *Scabs*, & *Blaines*, fierce *Haile*, & *Thunder-ſtormes*
The *Locuſt*, and all fruit devouring *Wormes*,
Croſſe *Darkneſſe*, and the *Death* of thoſe that be
Thy Darlings; all thoſe *Plagues* ſhall fall on thee,
According as the *Letter* doth imply,
Or, as in *myſtick* ſenſe they ſignifie.

Thy pureſt Rivers God ſhall turne to blood,
With ev'ry Lake, that hath beene ſweet and good.
Ev'n in thy noſtrils he ſhall make it ſtinke,
For nothing ſhall thy people eate or drinke,
Vntill their owne, or others blood it coſt,
Or, put their lives in hazard to be loſt.

Moſt loathſome *Frogs*; that is, a race impure,
Of baſe condition, and of birth obſcure,
(Ev'n in unwholſome fens, and ditches, bred)
Shall with a clownish rudeneſſe over-ſpread
Thy pleaſant'ſt fields; thy faireſt roomes poſſeſſe,
And make unwholſome (by their ſluttiſhneſſe)
Thy kneading troughs, thy ovens, and that meat,
Whereof thy people, and thy Princes eat.
This hatefull brood, ſhall climbe to croake and ſing,
Within in lodging chambers of the *King*.
Yea, there make practice of thoſe naturall notes,
Which iſſue from their evill-ſounding throats:
To wit, vaine brags, revilings, ribaldries,
Vile ſlanders, and unchriſtian blaſphemies.

The *Land* ſhall breed a naſty *Generation*,
Vnworthy either of the reputation
Or name of men. For, they as *Lice* ſhall feed
Ev'n on the body whence they did proceed.

Till

Till poverty, and sloventy, and sloth,
Have quite disgrac'd them, and consum'd them both.
There shall, moreover, swarmes of divers *Flies*,
Engendred be in thy prosperities,
To be a plague: the *Flesh-fly* shall corrupt
Thy savory meats; *Muskeroones* interrupt
The weary traveller; thou shalt have *Drones*,
Dores, *Hornets*, *Wasps*, and such like angry-ones,
Who represent that swarme whose buzzing tongues,
(Like stings) are used in their neighbours wrongs:
And, still are flying, and still humming so,
As if they meant some weighty worke to do,
When as, upon the common stock they spend;
And nought performe of that which they pretend.
Thy *Butter-flies* shall plague thee too; ev'n those,
Who waste their Lands and Rents, in gaudy clothes,
Or idle flutterings; and then spawne their seed,
Upon thy goodli'st flow'rs, and herbs to feed.
As *Beasts* destroyed by the *Murraine* be,
So, they they that are of beastly life in thee,
By lewd example shall infect each other;
And in their foule diseases rot together.
On all thy people, or what sort soe're,
Shall *Scabs*, and *bile*, and running *sores* appeare,
The fruits of their corruption. Yea, with paines
(Within their conscience, and with scars and blaines
Of outward infamy) they shall be grieved.
And, in their tortures perish, unrelieved.
Tempestuos *stormes*, upon this *Ile* shall fall,
Hot *Thunder-bolts*, and *Haile-stones* thetewithall;
Men either too too hot, or too too cold;
Or else luke warme. But, few or none shall hold
A rightfull temper: and, these *meteors* will
Thy borders with a thousand mischieves fill.

The *Locuſt* alſo and the *Palmer wormes*,
Shall prey on what eſcapeth from the *Stormes*:
Not they alone, which on the graſſe do breed;
But, alſo, they who from the *pit* proceed
Which hath no bottom: and, when any thing
Doth by the dew of heav'n begin to ſpring,
They ſhall devoure the ſame, till they have left thee,
Not leaſe nor bloſſome; but, of all bereft thee,
Then ſhall a *darkeneſſe* follow, farre more blacke,
Then when the light copot eall thou doſt lacke.
For, groſſeſt *Ignorance*, o'reſhadowing all,
Shall in ſo thick a darkneſſe thee inthrall,
That thou a blockiſh people ſhalt be made,
Still wandring on in a deceiving ſhade;
Miſtruſting thoſe that ſafeſt paths are ſhowing,
Moſt truſting them, who counſell thy undoing;
And aye tormented be with doubts and feares,
As one that outcryes, in darke places heares.
Nor ſhall the hand of God from thee returne,
Till he hath alſo ſmote thine *eldeſt-borne*.
That is, till he hath taken from the quite,
Ev'n that whereon thou ſetſt thy whole delight;
And filled ev'ry houſe throughout this Nation,
With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.
So great ſhall be thy mine, and thy ſhame,
That when the neighbour kingdomes heare the ſame
Their eares ſhall tingle. And when that day comes,
In which thy follies muſt receive their doomes;
A day of clouds, a day of gloomineſſe,
A day of blacke deſpaire, and heavineſſe,
It will appeare. And, then thy vanities,
Thy gold, thy ſilver, thy confederacies,
And all thoſe reeds on which thou haſt depended;
Will faile thy truſt, and leave thee unbefriended.

Thy

Thy *King*, thy *Priests* & *Prophets*, then shall mourne;
And, peradventure, fainedly returne
To beg of God to succour them: but, they
Who will not harken to his voyce to day,
Shall cry unheeded: and he will despise
Their vowes, their prayers, and their sacrifice:
A sea of troubles, all thy hopes shall swallow:
As waves on waves, so plague on plague shall follow;
And, ev'ry thing that was a blessing to thee,
Shall turne to be a curse, and helpe undoe thee.
Thy *Sov'raignes* have to thee thy *Father's* bin;
By meanes of them hath peace beene kept within
Thy sea-girt limits; they, thy weale befriended,
The blessed Faith they stoutly have defended:
And, thou hast cause of goodly hopes in him,
Who hath, of late, put on thy *Diadem*.
But know, that (till thou shalt repent) no part
Belongs to thee of what is his desert
His princely vertues, to his owne availe,
Shall profit much: but they to thee shall faile.
To thee his clemency shall seeme severe,
His favours all, shall injuries appeare;
And when thy sinne is fully ripe in thee,
Thy Prince and people, then, alike shall be.
Thou shalt have *Babes* to be thy *Kings*; or worse,
Those *Tyrants* who by cruelty and force
Shall take away thy ancient *freedomes* quite,
From all their Subjects; yea themselves delight,
In their vexations: and, all those that are
Made slaves thereby, shall murther, yet not dare
To stirre against them. By degeers they shall
Deprive thee of thy patrimonies all;
Compell thee (as in other Lands, this day)
For thine owne meat, and thine owne drink: to pay.

And; at the last beginne to exercise
Upon thy sonnes, all heathnish tyrannies;
As just *Prerogatives* To theſe intents,
Thy Nobles ſhall become theſe inſtruments.
For they who had their birth from noble races,
Shall (ſome and ſome) be brought into diſgraces;
From offices they ſhall excluded ſtand;
And all theſe vertuous off-ſpring from the Land,
Shall quite be worne: in ſtead of whom ſhall riſe
A brood advanced by impieties,
By flattery, by purchaſe, and by that
Which every truely-noble one doth hate.
From ſtems obſcure, and out of meane proteſtions,
They ſhall aſcend and mount by their ambitions,
To ſeats of *Juſtice*; and theſe *Nams* to beare,
Which honor'd moſt within theſe Kingdomes are.
And being thither got, than make more ſtrong
Their new-built *Greatneſſe* by enteralling wrong.

To thoſe, will ſome of theſe themſelves unite,
Who by their births to Lordly *Titles* have right;
But, viciouſly confounding their eſtate,
Did from their fathers worths degenerate.
By this *Confederacy*, their nobler bloods
Shall countenance the others ill-got goods;
The others wealth againe, ſhall keepe from ſcorne
Their beggery, who have beene nobly borne:
And, both together, being elſe unable,
(In this ill-courſe to make the ſtanding ſtable)
Shall ſeeke how they more great, & ſtrong, may grow,
By compaſſing the publike over-throw.

They ſhall abuſe thy *Kings*, with tales, and lies;
With ſeeming love, and ſervile flatteries.
They ſhall perſwade them they have powr to make
Their *Wils*, their *Law*; and as they pleaſe to take

Their

Theſe peoples goods, their children and their lives,
Ev'n by their juſt and due *Prerogatives*.
When thus much they have made them to beleeve,
Then they ſhall teach them practices to grieve
Their ſubjects by; and, inſtruments become
To helpe the ſcrewing up, by ſome and ſome,
Of *Monarchies* to *Tyrannies*. They ſhall
Abuſe *Religion*, *Honeſtie*, and all
To compaſſe their deſignes. They ſhall deviſe
Strange projects; and with impudence, and lyes,
Proceed in ſetling them: They ſhall forget
Thoſe reverent uſages, which doe befit
The majeſtie of *State*; and raile, and ſtorme,
When they pretend diſorders to reforme.
In their high *Counſels*, and where men ſhould have
Kind admonitions, and reprovings grave,
When they offend, they ſhall be threatned there.
Or ſcoft, or taunted, though no cauſe appeare.
It is unſeemly for a *Judge* to ſit
And exerciſe a jibing Schoole-boyes wit
Vpon their trades, or names, who ſtand before
Their judgement ſeats; but who doth not abhor
To heare it, when a Magiſtrate objects,
Birth, poverty, or perſonall defects
In an upbraiding wiſe? Or, who with me
Derides it not, when in our *Courts* we ſee
Thoſe men, whoſe bodies are both old and weake,
(Forgetting grave and uſefull things to ſpeake)
Vſent Giants words, and briſtle up, as tho
Their very breath could armies overthrow:
Whereas (poore weakling) were there in their *places*
No more authority, then in their faces,
Their perſons, or their language, all their chafing,
And threatning, nothing would effect but laughing.

For unto me big looks, and crying *boh*,
As dreadfull seemes, as when a child cryes *boh*
To fright his Nurse, yea such a bugbeare fashion
Effecteth nought but scornefull indignation.
But in those times (which nearer are then some
Suppose perhaps) such Rhetoricke will come
To be in use; and arguments of *Reason*,
And just proceeding, will be out of season.
Their *wisedome* shall be folly; and, goe nigh
To bring contempt on their Authority.
Their *Councell Table* shall a scare be made,
And those 'gainst whom they no just matter had,
At first appearance shall be urg'd to say
Some word or other, e're they part away,
Which will betray their innocence to blame,
And bring upon them detriment and shame:
Yea, many times (as *David* hath of old,
Concerning such oppressors well foretold)
To humble crouchings, and to fained showes,
Descend they shall, to worke mens overthrowes:
And what their subtilty doth faile to gaine,
They shall by rigour, and by force obtaine.
What ever from thy people they can teare,
Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were
A prize which had beene taken from the Foe:
And they shall make no conscience what they doe
To prejudice *Posterity*. For, they
To gaine their lust, but for the present day,
Shall with such love into themselves endeavor,
That (though they knew it would undoe for ever
Their owne posterity) it shall not make
Those *Monsters* any better course to take.
Nay, God shall give them up for their offences,
To such uncomely reprobated senses:

And

And blinde them so, that (when the axe they see
Ev'n hewing at the root of their owne tree,
By their owne handy strokes) they shall not grieve
For their approaching fall: no, nor beleeve
Their fall approacheth; nor assume that heed
Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.

Thy *Princes, Brittaine*, in those dayes, will be
Like roaring *Lyons*, making prey of thee.
God shall deliver thee into their hand.
And they shall act their pleasure in the Land;
As one his *Prophet* threatned to that Nation,
Which doth exemplifie thy *Desolation*.

Thy Kings (as thou hast wallowed in excesse)
Shall take delight in drinke, and wantonnesse.
And, those who thou dost call thy *Noble-men*
Shall to the very marrow, gnaw thy bones.
Thy *Lawyers* fullfully shall wrest thy *Lawes*,
And (to the ruine of the common Cause)
Shall mis-interpret them, in hope of grace
From those, who may dispoyle them of their place.
Yea, that whereto they are obliged, both
By *Conscience*, by their *Calling*, and their *Oath*
To put in execution, they shall feare,
And, leave them helpelesse, who oppressed are.
Thy *Prelates* in the spoyle of thee shall share;
Thy *Priests*, as light shall be, as those that are
The meanest persons. All their Prophecies,
Or preachings, shall be heresies and lies.
The word of truth in them shall not remaine.
Their lips no wholsome knowledge shall retaine.
And all his outward meanes of *saving Grace*,
Thy God shall carry to another place.

Marke well oh *Brittaine*! what I now shall say.
And doe not sleightly passe these words away;

But

But, be assured that when God begins,
To bring that vengeance on thee, for thy sinnes,
Which hazzard will with totall over-throw,
Thy *Prophets*, and thy *Priests* shall fliely sow
The seeds of that dissention and sedition,
Which time will ripen for thy sad perdition.
Ev'n they, who formerly were of thy peace
The happy instruments, shall then increase
Thy troubles most. And, ev'n as when the *Jewes*
Gods truth-presaging *Prophets* did abuse,
He suffered those, who preached in his *Name*,
Such falshoods as the chiefest cause became
Of their destruction: so if thou govern
To make a scorne (as thou hast often done)
Of them who seeke thy welfare, he will send
False *Prophets*, that shall bring thee to thine end.
By saying all things that thou wouldst have them say:
And lulling thee asleep in thine owne way.
If any brain-sick *Zelote* whom the Devill
Seduceth to inflict on thee some evill,
Shall coyne false Doctrines, or perswade thee to
Some foolish course that will, at length, undoe
The *Common-weale*; this counsell thou shalt follow,
Thou, cover'd with his hair, a hooke shalt swallow
To rend thine entrailes, and thine ignorance
Shall also for that mischiefe him advance.
But if that any lover of thy weale,
Inspir'd with truth, and with an honest zeale,
Shall tell thee ought pertaining to thy good,
His *Message* shall stiffly be withstood:
That *Seer* shall be charged not to see;
His word shall sleighted as a potsherd be
His life shall be traduced, to disgrace
His Counsells; or, his errant to debase:

In

In stead of recompence he shall be sure,
Imprisonments, or threatnings to procure:
And peradventure (as those Prophets were,
Who did among the Iewish Peers declare
Their States enormities) his good intention,
May be so tong'd, that he, by some invention,
May loose his life, with publike shame and hate,
As one that is a troubler of the State.
But not unlesse the Priest thereto consent:
For in those dayes shall few men innocent
Be griev'd (through any quarter of the Land)
In which thy Clergie shall not have some hand.
If ever in the Fields (as God forbid)
The blood of thine owne children shall be shed
By civill discord, they shall blow the flame of
That will become thy ruine, and thy shame.
And thus it shall be kindled: When the times
Are nigh at worst, and thy increasing crimes
Almost complear, the Devill shall begin
To bring strange crotchets, and opinions in
Among thy Teachers, which will breede division,
And interrupt the visible communion
Of thy establisht Church. And, in the steed
Of zealous Pastors, (who Gods flock did feed)
There shall arise within thee, by degrees,
A Clergie, that shall more desire to fleece,
Then feede the flocke. A Clergy it shall be,
Divided in it selfe: and they shall thee
Divide among them, into several factions:
which rend thee will, and fill thee with destructions:
They all in outward seeming shall pretend
Gods glory, and to have one pious end:
But, under colour of sincere devotion,
Their study shall be temporall promotion;

Which

Which will among themselves strange quarels make
Wherein thy other children shall pertake.
As to the *Persons*, or the *Cause*, they stand
Affected, even quite throughout the *Land*.
One part of these will for preferment strive,
By lifting up the *King's* prerogative
Above it selfe. They shall perswade him to
Much more then *Law* or *Conscience* bids him do;
And say, God warrants it. His holy *Lawes*
They shall pervert, to justifie their causes;
And, impudently wrest, to prove their ends,
What God, to better purposes, intends.
They shall not blush to say, that ev'ry *King*,
May doe like *Solomon*, in every thing,
As if they had his watrant: and shall dare
Ascribe to *Monarches*, rights that proper are
To none but Christ; and mixt their flatteries,
With no lesse grosse and wicked blasphemies,
Then *Heathens* did: yea, make their *Kings* beleeve,
That whosoever they oppresse or greive,
It is no wrong; not for men oppressed,
To seeke by their owne *Lawes* to be redressed,
Such councell shall thy *Princes* then provoke,
To cast upon thee *Rehoboams* yoake.
And, they not caring, or not taking heed
How ill that ill-advised *King* did speed,
Shall multiply thy causes of distraction.
For, then, will of thy *Priests*, the other faction
Bestir themselves. They will in outward shewes,
Those whom I last have mentioned, oppose:
But, in thy mine, they will both agree,
As in one *Center*, though farre off they be
In their *Diameter*. With lowly zeale,
An envious pride they slily shall conceale:

And

And, as the former to thy *Kings* will teach
Meere *Tyranny*: ſo ſhall theſe other preach
Rebellion to the people; and ſhall ſtraine
The word of God, Sedition to maintaine.
They ſhall not feare to ſay, that if thy *King*
Become a *Tyrant*, thou maiſt alſo fling
Obedience off; or from his Crowne divorce him;
Or, by the terror of drawne ſwords enforce him.
Which falſe *Divinity*, ſhall to the Devill
Send many ſoules, and bring on thee much evill.
Oh! be thou therefore watchfull; and when e're
Theſe *Lambs* with *Dragons* voyces doe appeare,
Repent thy ſinne, or take it for a token,
That ſome great *Bulwarke* of thy peace is broken,
Which muſt be ſoone repaired; or elſe, all
The greatneſſe of thy glory, downe will fall.
Take heede of thoſe *falſe prophets*, who will ſtrive
Betwixt thy *Prince* and *people* to contrive
A diſagreement. And, what ever come,
Thy due *Allegeance* never ſtart thou from.
For (their oppreſſions though we may withſtand
By pleading *Lawes*, or *Cuſtomes*) not a hand
Muſt move againſt them, ſave the hand of God,
Who makes a *King*, a *Bulwarke*, or a *Rod*,
As pleaſeth him. Oh! take ye therefore heed
Yee *People*, and ye *Kings* (that ſhall ſucceed)
Of theſe *Impoſtors*. Of the laſt beware
Yee *Subjects*; for, their Doctrines helliſh are.
And though they promiſe *Liberty* and *Peace*,
Your Thraldome, and your Troubles they'll increaſe.
Shun oh! yee *Kings* the firſt; for, they adviſe
What will your Crownes and honors prejudice.
When you doe thinke their *Prophecies* befriend you,
They doe but unto *Ramoth-Gilead* ſend you,

Where

Where you shall perish; and poore *Micahs* words
Though lesse esteem'd more safety will afford,
They will abuse your *wives*, and all
Your *vertues*. For their wicked ends they shall
Apply the Sacred Story; or what ever
May seeme to further their unjust endevor.
Ev'n what the son of *Hannah* told the *Jewes*,
Should be their scourge (because they did refuse
The sov'raignty of God, and were so vaine
To aske a *King* which over them might raigne
As heathen *Princes* did) that curse they shall
Affirme to be a Law *Monarchicall*
Which God himselfe established to stand
Throughout all ages, and in ev'ry land.
Which is as good *Divinity*, as they
Have also taught, who doe not blush to say
That Kings may have both *Wives* and *Concubines*;
And, by that Rule whereby these great Divines
Shall prove their *Tenets*; I dare undertake
(If sound it hold) that I like proose will make
Of any *Jewish* Custome, and devise
Authority for all absurdities.
But, false it is. For might all Kings at pleasure
(As by the right of royaltie) make seasure
Of any mans possessions: why I pray
Did *Ahab* grieve, that *Naboth* said him nay?
Why made he not this answer thereunto,
(If what the *Prophet* said some *Kings* would do,
Were justly to be done) *Thy vineyard's mine*;
And at my pleasure, Naboth, *all that's thine*
Assume I may, like a Turky-chick,
Did he so foolishly grow sullen-sick,
And get possession by a wicked fact
Of what might have beene his by royall act?

If

If such Divinity, as this were true,
The *Queene* should not have needed to pursue
Poore *Naboth*, as she did; or, so contrive
His death; since by the Kings *Prerogative*,
She might have got his *Vineyard*. Nor would God
Have scourg'd that murther with so keene a rod
On *Ahab*, had he asked but his due.
For, he did neither plot, nor yet pursue
The murther; nor (for ought that we can tell)
Had knowledge of the deed of *Iezabel*,
Till God reveal'd it by the Prophet to him.
Nor is it said, that *Naboth* wrong did do him.
Or disrespect; in that he did not yeeld,
To sell, or give, or no exchange his Field.
The Iewish *Commonwealth* did so instate,
That, their possessions none could alienate,
But for a time; who ever, for his mony,
Or in exchange, desir'd their patrimony.
And, doubtlesse, we offend, who at this day
Those fredomes give, or lose, or sell away,
Which were in common right possest of old,
By our Forefathers; and, continue should
To all their after commers. For, altho
We may dispose of what pertaines unto
Our persons: yet, those dues which former ages
have left unto us for our heritages,
(And whereunto, the child that borne must be,
Hath ev'ry whit as good a right as we)
Those dues we should preserve with all our might,
By pleading of our just and ancient right,
In humble wise; if so the Sov'raigne state
Our freedome shall attempt to violate.
But, when by peacefull meanes we cannot save it,
We to the pleasure of the King must leave it.

And unto God our Judge: for all the pow'r
In us, consists in saying, *This is our.*
A King is for a blessing, or a curse;
And therefore (though a *Foole* he were, or worse,
A *Tyrant*, or an *Ethnick*) no man may
So much as in their private closets, pray
Against his person; though they moy petition
Against the wickednesse of his condition.
Not, is this sufferance due to those alone,
Who subject are unto a *Monarchs* throne,
But, from all those who either subjects are
To mixed Goyernment, or popular.
For, though irregularities appeare
In ev'ry State; because but men they are
Whom Gods exalts to rule: yet, it is he
By whom all Governments ordained be.
And ev'ry *Goverment* (although the *Name*
Be different) is in effect the same.
In *Monarchies*, the *Counsell* (as it were
An *Aristocracy*) one while doth beare
The sway of all; and though they name the King,
Yet, him they over-rule in ev'ry thing.
Sometime againe, the pop'lar voice we see,
Doth awe the *Counsell*, when in them there be
Some pop'lar *Spirits*, *Aristocracies*
Are otherwhile the same with *Monarchies*,
For, one great man among them gets the pow'r,
From all the rest, and like an *Emperor*,
Doth act his pleasure. And we know tis common
To have some foolish *Favorite*, or *Woman*,
To governe him. So in a pop'lar State,
Affaires are manag'd by the selfe same fate;
And either one or more, away doe steale
The peoples hearts, and sway the Commonweale.

Thus,

Thus God is pleas'd, to humble and to raise:
Thus, he by ſev'rall *ſtates*, and ſev'rall *ages*,
The world doth governe. Yea, thus, ev'n in one nation,
And in one State, he makes much alteration
In formes of *Government*; of changing that
Which is but accidentall to a *State*.
And, ſuch his *Juſtice*, and his *Wiſdome* is,
That he preſerveth by the meanes of this,
Thoſe things which doe eſſentially pertaine
To that great *Power*, which over all doth raigne.
Nor is he pleaſed thus it ſhould be done
In *States* that meerely civill are alone;
But, alſo, in the *Churches* governments,
Allowes the change of outward accidents.
Yea, they to whom he gives the overſights
Of ſome particular *Church*, may change old *Rites*;
The *Cuſtomes*, *Formes*, or *Titles*, as occaſions
Are offered them; or, as the Times, or Nations,
Require a change: provided ſo, that they
Take nothing which eſſentiall is, away;
Nor adde what ſhall repugne or prejudice
Gods Lawes, his *Kingdome*, or the *Liberties*
Of them that are his people. For, in what
Hath any *Church* a pow'r, if not in that
Which is indifferent? Or, in what I pray
Will men the *Church* authority obey,
If not in ſuch like things? Or, who ſhould be
The *Iudge* what is indifferent, if not the?
A private *Spirit* knowes what beſt agrees
With his owne fancy; but the *Church* beſt ſees,
What fits the *Congregation*. From what gives
Offence to one, another man receives
Much comfort: and, his conſcience edifies,
By diſciplines, which many doe deſpiſe.

A *Parish* is a little *Diocesse*;
And, as of Cities, Townes, and Villages,
A *Bishopricke* consists: so, that doth rise
By Tythings, Hamlets, and by Families.
And little difference would be in the same,
(Excepting in the largenesse and the name)
If their opinions were allow'd of all,
Who favour not the stile *Episcopall*:
For, ev'ry *Priest* would then usurpe the fame
Authority, whereof some have the name.
Yea, many a one would then his Parish make
A little *Popedome*, and upon him take
(Considering his meane pow'r) as much as he
That *Universall Bishop* claimes to be;
And prove more proud, and troublesome, then they
Against whose *Lordlinesse* they now inveigh.

This therefore is my *Rule*; that *Government*
(What e're it be) in which to me God lent
My birth and breeding; that, untill my end,
I will obey, and to my pow'r defend.
Yea, though it tyrannize, I will denay
No more obedience, then by law I may:
Ev'n by those *Lawes* and *Customes* which doe stand
In force, and unrepealed in that land.

What right another had, e're I was borne,
Or how, or for what sinne, Gods hand hath torne
His Kingdome from him, I will never care;
Let them goe answer that who *Subjects* were,
(When lost it was) and had that meanes, and calling,
And yeares, which might prevented have his falling.

Or should another *Country* take me home
As one of hers; when thither I did come
I would not seek, nor wish to innovate
The *Titles*, or the *Customes* of that *State*,

To

To what some other Countries better thought:
But, leave such things to those to whom I ought.
And, there, if any *Faction* shall constraine
That I one part must take, I will maintaine
What bore the Sov'raignty when I came thither;
And, I and that will stand and fall together.
The same obedience, also, keepe I shall,
To governments *Ecclesiasticall*
Where e're I come; if nothing they command
Which doth Gods word, essentially, withstand:
Or, indirectly, or directly, thwart
His glory, or the purity pervert
Of Christian Principles, nor further strife,
Nor cause, nor countenance an evill life.
The *Hyerarchy*, here, I will obey,
And reverence, while I in *England* stay.
In *Scotland* if I liv'd, I would deny
No due respect to their *Presbyterie*.
Geneva should I visit, I would there
Submit my selfe to what their customes were.
Yea, whereso'e're I am, I will suppose
The *Spirit* in that *Church* much better knowes
What best that place befitteth, then I do:
And, I will live conformed thereunto,
In ev'ry thing that's meerly politick,
And injuries not the Doctrines *Catholick*.
To ev'ry temp'rall pow'r I'le be the same,
By whatsoever cognizance, or name,
Men please to call it. If I should be sent
To *Poland*, where a mixed government
Establisht is; I would not tell them, there,
That any other Custome better were.
Were I in *Switzerland*, I would maintaine
Democrisy; and, thinke to make it plaine,

That for theſe *Times*, thoſe *Cantons*, and that *Nation*,
There could not be a better *Domination*.
In *Venice*, far before a *Monarchy*
I would preſer an *Ariſtocratie*.
In *Spaine*, and *France*, and in great *Britaine* here
I hold no Goverments more perfect are
Then *Monarchies*. And, if Gods will ſhould be,
Beneath a *Tyrant* to envaſſaile me,
I would perſwade my ſelfe, that heavy yoake
Were beſt, for ſome reſpects; and, to the ſtroke
Ev'n of an iron Mace would ſubject be,
In *Body*; with a *minde* that ſhould be free
From his inforcement, (if he did withſtand,
Or bid me what Gods *Law* doth countermand.)
There is, I know, a *middle-way* that lies
Ev'n juſt betwixt the two extremities,
Which to *ſedition*, and to *faction* tend.
To find which tract, my whole deſire I bend;
And wiſh it follow'd more. For, if we tread
That harmleſſe path, we cannot be miſ-led;
Nor ſham'd, though blam'd we be. To ev'ry man
I faine would give his due; and all I can
I doe endeavour it. I would not wrong
My *Country*; neither take what doth belong
To *Ceſar*: nor infringe, or prejudice,
The vniveſall *Churches* liberties;
Nor for her outward *Diſcipline* preſer,
Or cenſure, any *Church* particular;
Or any *State*, but as befit it may,
His *Muſe*, which nought but needfull truths doth ſay.
Nor have I any purpoſe to withdraw
Obedience, or reſpect from any *Law*
That's poſitive; or, to diſhearten from
Thoſe *Cuſtomes*, which a Chriſtian ſtate become,

Nor

Nor have I any thought to ſcandalize,
Or ſpeake a miſſe of Principalities;
Or, to traduce mens perſons: but, I fall
On errors of mens lives in generall,
And, on thoſe great abuſes, which I ſee
To blemiſh ev'ry *Calling* and *Degree*
Of *Dignities* and *Perſons*, I obſerve,
All meanes I can, their honours to preſerve,
When I reprove their faults. And, ev'n as he
That hunteth *Foxes*, where *Lambes* feeding be,
May fright that harmleſſe flock, and ſuffer blame
Of ſome *By-ſtanders*, (knowing not his Game)
When from his Dogs, thoſe innocents are free,
And none but their devourers bitten be.
So, though my reprehenſions, often are
Miſtooke by fooliſh Readers; they are far
From reprehending thoſe, or taxing that
Which is unfitting for my ſhooting at.
I ſpeake thoſe things which will advantage rather
Then harme: and hence this blinded age may gather
Much light. Thich little volume doth relate
Nought elſe but what is like to be our fate,
If ſin increaſe; and what in former times
Did fall on other *Nations* for their crimes.
I utter what our welfare may increaſe,
And helpe confirme us in a happy peace:
Which they will never compaſſe, who purſue
To ſpeake what's pleaſing, rather then what's true,
How ever, here my thoughts deliv'red be:
Let God, as he ſhall pleaſe, deliver me.
And if what here is mention'd, thou doſt heed
(Oh *Brittaine*!) in thoſe times that ſhall ſucceed,
It may prevent much loſſe, and make thee ſhun
Thoſe miſchiefes, whereby Kingdomes are undone.

But,

But, to thy other sins, if thou shalt adde
Rebellions (as false *Prophets* will perswade)
Which likely are to follow, when thou shalt
In thy profession of *Religion* halt:
Then, will thy *Kings* and *People* scourge each other,
For their offences, till both fall together:
By weakning of your pow'rs, to make them way,
Who seeke and look for that unhappy day.
Then, shall disorder ev'ry where abound
And neither just nor pious man be found
The best shall be a *Brier* or a *Thorne*,
By whom their neighbours shall be scratcht and torne.
Thy *Princes* shall to nothing condiscend
For any merit, just, or pious end;
But either for encreasing of their treasure,
Or for accomplishing their wilfull pleasure:
And unto what they sell or daine for meede,
There shall be given little trust or heed.
For, that which by their words confirme they shall,
(The royall Seales uniting therewithall)
A toy shall frustrate; and a gift shall make
Their strictest *Orders* no effect to take.
The *Iudge*, without a bribe, no *cause* shall end:
No man shall trust his brother, or his friend:
The parents and the children shall despise
And hate, and spoyle each other: she that lies
Within her husbands bosom, shall betray him:
They who thy people should protect, shall slay them:
The aged shall regarded be of none:
The poore shall by the rich be troden on:
Such grievous insolencies, every where
Shall acted be, that good and bad shall feare
In thee to dwell; and, men discreet shall hate
To be a *Ruler*, or a *Magistrate*;

When

When they behold (without impenitence)
So much injuſtice, and ſuch violence.
And, when thy wickedneſſe this height ſhall gaine,
To which (no doubt) it will e're long attaine,
If thou proceede: Then, from the bow that's bent
(And halfe way drawne already) ſhall be ſent
A mortall arrow; and it pierce thee ſhall
Quite through the head, the liver, and the gall.
The Lord ſhall call, and whiſtle from afarre,
For thoſe thy enemies that fierceſt are:
For thoſe thou feareſt moſt; and they ſhall from
Their Countries, like a whirlewind hither come,
They ſhall not ſleepe, nor ſtumble, nor untie
Their garments, till within thy field they lye.
Sharpe ſhall their arrowes be, and ſtrong their bow,
Their faces ſhall as full of hot or ſhow
As doth a Lions. Like a bolt of thunder
Their troopes of horſe ſhall come, and tread thee under
Their yron feet. Thy foes ſhall eate thy bread,
And with thy flocks both clothed be, and fed.
Thy *Dwellers*, they ſhall carry from their owne,
To *Countries* which their fathers have not knowne.
And, thither ſhall ſuch miſchiefes them purſue,
That they who ſeeke the pit-fall to eſchew,
Shall in a ſnare be taken. If they ſhall
Eſcape the ſword, a ſerpent in the wall
To death ſhall ſting them: yea (although they hap;
To ſhun a hundred plagues) they ſhall not ſcape;
But, with new dangers, ſtill be chac'd about,
Vntill that they are wholly rooted out.
The *Plowman*, then, ſhall be afraid to ſow;
Artificers their labour ſhall forgoe;
The *Marchant* man ſhall croſſe the Seas no more,
(Except to flye and ſeeke ſome other ſhore)

Thy *ableſt-men* ſhall faint: thy *wiſe-ones*, then,
Shall know themſelves to be but fooliſh men:
And they who built and planted by oppreſſion,
Shall leave their gettings to the foes poſſeſſion.
Yea, God will ſcourge thee, *England*, ſeven times more
With ſeven times greater *Plagues* then heretofore,
Then, thy *Allies* their friendſhip ſhall withdraw;
And, they that of thy greatneſſe ſtood in awe,
Shall ſay (in ſcorne) Is this the valiant Nation,
That had throughout the world ſuch reputation,
By *victories* upon the ſhore? are theſe
That people, which were maſter of the ſeas,
And grew ſo mighty? yea that petty Nation,
That were not worthy of thy indignation,
Shall mocke thee too; and all thy former fame,
Forgot ſhall be, or mention'd to thy ſhame.

Marke how Gods *Plagues* were doubled on the *Jewes*
When they his mild corrections did abuſe:
Marke what, at laſt upon their Land he ſent;
And, looke thou for the ſelfe ſame puniſhment,
If them thou imitateſt. For their ſin,
At firſt, but eight yeares *Bondage* they were in.
Their wickedneſſe grew more; and God did then,
To *Eglon*, make them ſlaves, eight yeares and ten
They diſobeying, ſtill, the God of heaven;
Their yeare of *Servitude* were twenty ſeven,
To *Jabin* and to *Midian*. Then prevailed
Philiſtia forty yeares; and, when that failed,
To make them of their evill waies repent;
There was among themſelves, a fatall rent;
And, they oft ſcourg'd each other. Still, they trod
The ſelfeſame path; and, then the hand of God
Brought *Aſſur* on them; and, did make them beare
His heavie yoake, untill the ſeventeenth yeare.

And

And last of all the *Roman* Empire came,
Which from their *Country* rooted out their *Name*,
That foolish project which they did imbrace,
To keep them in possession of their *place*,
Did loose it. And, like *Cain*, that vagrant *Nation*,
Hath now remain'd in fearefull *Desolation*
Nigh sixteene hundred yeares: and, whatsoe're
Some lately dreame) in vaine, they looke for here
A temp'rall *Kingdome*. For, as long agoe
Their *Psalmist* said; *No Prophet doth foreshow*
This thraldoms end. Nor shall it end untill
The *Gentiles* their just number doe fulfill:
Which is unlike to be untill that houre,
In which there shall be no more temporall pow'r,
Of temporall *Kingdome*. Therefore gather them
(Oh Lord!) unto thy new *Ierusalem*,
In thy due time. For, yet unto that place
They have a promist right, by thy meere grace,
To those who shall repent, thy firme *Election*
Continues in this temporall rejection.
Oh! shew thy mercy in their desolation,
That thou maist honor'd be in their salvation
Yea, teach us also, by their fearefull fall,
To harken to thy voyce, when thou dost call;
(Lest thou in anger, unto us protest,
That we shall never come into thy rest)
For, we have follow'd them in all their sin:
Such, and so many, have our warnings bin:
And if thou still prolong not thy compassion,
To us belongs the selfesame *Desolation*,
And it will shortly come, with all those terrors
That we on them inflicted, for their errors.

Then, woe shall be to them that heretofore
By joyning house, to house expell'd the poore;

And

And field have into field incorporated,
Vntill their *Township* were depopulated.
For, desolate their dwelling shall be made:
Ev'n in their blood the Lord shall bathe his blade:
And they that have by avarice, and wiles
Erected Pallaces and costly Piles;
Shall thinke, the stones and timbers in the wall,
Aloud, to God, for vengeance on them call.

Then, woe shall be to them who early rise
To eate and drinke, and play, and wantonnize;
Still adding sin to sin; for, they the paine
Of cold, and thirst, and hunger, shall sustaine;
And be the servile slaves of them that are
Their foes, as to their lusts they captives were.

Then woe to them who darkenesse more have lov'd
Then light; and good advice have disapprov'd:
For, they shall wander in a crooked path,
Which neither light, nor end, nor comfort hath.
And, when for *Guides*, and *Counsell* they doe cry,
Not one shall pitty them, who passeth by.

Then, woe to them that have corrupted bin,
To justifie the *wicked* in his sinne;
Or, for a bribe, the *righteous* to condemne:
For, flames (as on the chaffe) shall seize on them:
Their bodies to the dunghill shall be cast:
Their flowre shall turne to dust; their stock shall wast;
And all the glorious titles they have worne,
Shall but increase their infamy and scorne.

Then woe to them that have beene rais'd aloft
By good mens ruines; and by laying soft
And easie pillowes, under great mens armes,
To make them pleas'd in their alluring charmes.

Then, woe to them who being growne afraid
Of some nigh perill, sought unlawfull aid;

And

And, setting Gods protection quite aside,
Vpon their owne inventions have rely'd:
For, God their fooliſh hopes will bring to nought;
On them, their feared miſchiefe ſhall be brought;
And, all their wit and ſtrength, ſhall not ſuffice
To have their ſorrow off, which on them lies.
Yea, then, oh *Britaine*! woe to ev'ry one,
That hath without repentance evill done:
For, thoſe who doe not heed, nor beare in mind
His viſitings, Gods reaching hand will find;
And they with howling cries and lamentation,
Shall ſue and ſeeke, in vaine, for his compaſſion.
Becauſe they careleſſe of his Mercies were,
Till in conſumming wrath he did appeare.
But, ſtill, we ſet far off that evill day;
In dull *ſecurity* we paſſe away
Our pretious time; and with vaine hopes and toyes,
Build up a truſt which ev'ry puffe deſtroyes.
And therefore, ſtill when healing is expected,
New and unlookt for troubles are effected.
We gather *Armies*, and we *Fleets* prepare;
And, then, both ſtrong and ſafe we thinke we are.
But, when we looke for victories, and glory,
What followes, but events that make us ſory?
And tis Gods mercy that we turne our faces
With ſo few loſſes, and no more diſgraces.
For, what are moſt of thoſe whom we commend
Such actions to; and whom we forth do ſend
To fight thoſe *Battles*, which the *Lords* we call,
But, ſuch as never fight for him at all?
Whom doſt thou make thy *Captaines*, and diſpoſe
Such *Offices* unto, but unto thoſe
(Some few excepted) who procure by friends,
Command and pay, to ſerve their private ends?

Their

Their language, and their practices declare,
That entertained by Gods *Foe* they were.
Their whoring, swearing, and their drunkennesse,
Do far more plainely to the world expresse
What *Generall* they doe belong unto,
Then all their *Feathers* and their *Enfignes* doe.
These by their unrepented sinnes, betray
Thy *Cause*. By these, the honour, and the day
Is lost: and when thou hopest that thy trouble
Shall have and end, thy danger waxeth double.
We wisht for *Parliaments*; and them we made
Our God: for, all the hope that many had
To remedy the publike discontent,
Was by the wisedome of a *Parliament*.
Well; *Parliaments* we had; and what in beeing,
Succedeth yet, but greater disagreeing,
With greater *grievances* then heretofore?
And reason good: for, we depended more
On outward meanes, then on Gods will that sends
All punishments; and all afflictions ends.
Beleeve it, should our *Parliaments* agree
In ev'ry motion: should our *Sov'raigne* be
So gracious, as to condiscend to all
Which for his weale and ours, propose we shall;
Ev'n that *Agreement*, till our sins we leave,
Shall make us but secure; and helpe to weave
A snare, by whose fine threads we shall be caught,
Before we see the mischiefe that is wrought.
Whilst we by *Parliament* doe chiefly seeke
Mere temp'rall ends, the King shall doe the like:
Yea, till in them we mutually agree
To helpe each other; and unfained be
In lab'ring for a Christian *Reformation*;
Each Meeting shall beget a new vexation.

This

This *Land* hath hath ſome ſenſe of what ſhe ayles,
And very much, theſe evill times bewailes:
But, not ſo much our ſins doe we lament,
Or mourne, that God for them is diſcontent,
As that the *Plagues* they being diſturb our pleaſures,
Encreaſe our dangers, and exhauſt our treaſures.
And, for theſe cauſes, now and then we *faſt*,
And *pray*, as long as halfe a day doth laſt.
For, if the Sunne doe but a little cleare
That cloud, from which a tempeſt we doe feare,
What kind of griefe we tooke, we plainely ſhew
By thoſe rejoycings which thereon enſue:
For, in the ſtead of ſuch due thankefulneſſe,
As Chriſtian zeale obligeth to expreſſe;
To pleaſure (not to God) we ſacrifice;
Renew our ſinne; revive our vanities;
And, all our vowed gratitude expires,
In Games, in Guns, in Bels, in Healths, or Fires.
We faine would be at peace; but few men go
That way, as yet, whereby it may be ſo.
We have not that humility which muſt
Effect it: we are falſe, and cannot truſt
Each other; no nor God with true confeſſions:
Which ſhewes that we abhor not our tranſgreſſions.
It proves, that of our errors, we in heart
Repent not, neither purpoſe to depart
From any folly. For all they that are
Sincerely penitent, doe nothing feare
So much as their owne guilt; nor ſeeke to gaine
Ought more, then to be reconcil'd againe.
And they that are thus minded, never can
Be long inreconcil'd to God, or man.
When we ſhould ſtoope, we moſt our ſelves exalt
And (though we be) would not be thought in fault.

Nay

Nay, though we faulty be, and thought and knowne,
And proved ſo, and ſee that we are throwne
By our apparent errors, into ſtraits,
From which we cannot get by all our ſleights,
Yet, ſtill our ſelves we vaunt and juſtifie,
And ſtruggle, till the ſhare we faſter tye.
We ſin, and we to boaſt it have no ſhame,
Yet ſtorme when others doe our follies name;
And rather then we will ſo much as ſay
We did amiſſe (though that might wipe away
The ſtaine of all) I thinke that ſome of us
So wilfull are, ſo proud, and miſchievous,
That we our ſelves, would ruine, and our *Nation*,
To keepe our ſhadow of a *Reputation*.
Oh! if we are thus headſtrong, tis unlike
We any part of our proud ſailes will ſtrike
Till they have ſuncke our veſſell in the Sea,
Or by the furious windes, are torne away.
Twere better, tho, we did confeſſe our wound,
Then hide it till our ſtate grew more unſound.
Twere better we ſome wealth, or office loſt,
Then keepe them, till our lives, and all, it coſt;
And therefore, let us wiſely be adviſed,
Before we by a tempeſt be ſurpriſed.
Downe firſt with our *Top-gallants*, and our *Flags*;
In ſtormes the skilfull'ſt Pilots make no brags.
Let us (if that be not enough) let fall
Our *Miſen-yeard*, and ſtrike our top-ſailes all.
If this we finde be not enough to doe,
Strike Fore-ſaile, Sprit-ſaile yea and Main-ſaile too.
And, rather then our *Ship* ſhould ſink or rend,
Let's over-board, goods, maſt and tackling lend;
Save but the *Hull*, the *Maſter*, and the *Men*;
And we may live to ſcoure the ſeas agen.

Beleeve

Beleeve it *England*, howsoever some
(Who should foresee thy *plagues* before they come)
Endeavour to perswade thee that thou hast
A hopefull time, and that the worst is past.
Yet I dare boldly tell thee, thou hast nigh
Worne out Gods patience by impiety.
And, that unlesse the same we doe renue
By penitence, our folly we shall rue.

But, what am I, that me thou should'st beleeve?
Or, unto what I tell thee, credit give?
It may be this adulterous *Generation*
Expecteth tokens of her desolation;
And therefore I will give them *signes* of that
Which they are now almost arrived at.

Not *signes*, to my thinke all as most of those
Which did the ruine of the *Iewes* disclose;
But, *signes* as evident as are the day.
For, know ye *Britaines*, that what God did say
Ierusalems destruction should foreshew,
He spake to ev'ry *State* that should ensue.
And, that he nought of her, or to her spake,
For hers alone, but also for our sake.

One *signe* that Gods long-suffering we have tired,
And that his patience is almost expired.
Is this; that many judgements he hath sent,
And still remov'd them e're we did repent.
For, God (ev'n by his *Holinesse*) did sweare,
(Saith *Amos*) such a Nation he will teare
With bryers, and with fish hookes rend away
The whole posterity of such as they.

Cleane teeth (saith God) *I gave them, and with bread*
In many places, them I plenty fed:
And yet they sought me not: Then I restrained
The dewes of heaven, upon this Field I rained,

And

And not on that; yea, to one City came
Some two or three, to quench their thirsty flame;
Yet, to returne to me, no care they tooke;
With Blasings then, and Mildewes, I them strooke;
And mixt among their Fruits the Palmer-worme;
Yet, they their lives did not a jot reforme:
Then did I send the Pestilence, (saith he)
Devoured by the Sword, their young men be;
Their Horse are slaine, and up to heaven ascends
Their stinke; yet I discover no amends.

The selfe same things thy God in thee hath done,
Oh *England*! yet, here followes thereupon
So small amendment, that they are a *signe*
To thee; and their sharpe Judgement will be thine.
The second *Token* which doth fore-declare
When *Cities States*, and *Realmes*, declining are,
Ev'n *Christ* himselfe hath left us: for, (saith he)
When Desolation shall approaching be,
Of wars, and warlike rumours ye shall heare;
Rare signes and tokens will in heaven appeare;
Downe from the Firmament the starres shall fall;
The hearts of many men, then, faile them shall;
There will be many scandals and offences;
Great earthquakes, Schismes, Dearths, and Pestilences;
Realme, Realme; and Nation, Nation shall oppose;
The nearest friends, shall be the greatest foes;
Against the Church shall many tyrannize;
Deceivers, and false Prophets shall arise;
In ev'ry place shall wickednesse abound;
And, Charity shall very cold be found.

This Christ himselfe did Prophesy, and we
Are doubtlesse blind, unlesse confesse it be,
That at this houre, upon this Kingdome here,
These markes of Desolation viewed are.

How

How often haue we seene prodigious *lights*,
O'respread the face of heav'n in moonelesse nights?
How many dreadfull *Meteors*, haue there beene
In this our *Climate*, lately heard and seene?
Who knoweth not that but a while agoe
A *Blazing-Star* did tinsell it not forehow
Gods Judgements in what age, to fore did heare
So many, who did *Starres* and *Starrs* appeare,
Fall (as it were) from heav'n? Or who hath heard
Of greater *Earth-quakes* then hath lately scar'd
These quarters of the world? How oft the touch
Of *Famine* haue we had? But when so much
Devoured by the *Pestilence* we reaue,
As in this present yeare, our people be?
Of *Warrs*, and martiall furnes, neuer more
Were heard, within these confines, heretofore;
When were all Kingdomes, and all Nations throughs
The world so opposite as they are now?
We know no Country, whether nigh or far,
But is engag'd, or threatned with some *War*.
All places, either present woes bewaile,
Or else things feared make mens hearts to faile.
False *Prophets*, and *Deceiuers* we have many;
We scarcely finde Integrity in any.
The Name of *Christ*, beginnes in euery place
To suffer persecution and disgrace.
And, we the greatest iniquities are in,
Among our neighbours, and our neerest kin.
Strange *Heresies* doe euery where encrease,
Disturbing *Sion*, and exiling peace.
Impiety doth multiply. True love
Growes cold. And, if these *tokens* doe not proue
Our fall drawes on, vnlesse we doe amend?
I know not when our folly shall haue end.

A third apparant *Signe* which doth declare
When some devouring *Plague* approacheth neere,
Is when a Nation doth anew begin
To let Idolatry to enter in;
And openly, or secretly give place
To *Heresie*, where *Truth* established was:
Or when like *Jeroboam*, to poffesse
An outward profit, or a temporall peace,
They either change *Religion*, or devise
A worship which doth mixe Idolatries
With truth. For this ev'n for the very crime,
The King of *Assur*, in *Hosea's* time
Led *Isr'el* captive. And, both from the sight
Of God; and from the bodie of *Canaane*,
They were cut off for ever, and did neither
Serve *God* nor *Idols*; but ev'n both together;
In such a mixt *Religion* as is that
Which some among us, now, have symod in.

Marke *England*; and I prethee marke it well,
If this offence which ruin'd *Israel*,
On thee appeare not: and, if so it be,
Amend; or looke for what it threatens thee.

The fourth true *token* which doth fore-expresse
The ruine of a Land for wickednesse,
Is when the *Priests* and Magistrates begin
To grow extreamly impudent in sin.
This *Signe*, the Prophet *Micah* giveth us;
And he (not I) to you eryes loudly thus:
Heare, O ye house of Jacob, and all ye
That Princes of the house of Israel be
Ye Justice hate; and ye perverse what's good;
Ye build the walls of Sion up with blood;
Jerusalem with sin, ye up have rear'd,
Your Judges passe their censures for reward;

Your

Your Priests doe preach for hire, your Prophets doe
Like them; and prophesy for money too.
And, for this cause shall Sion mount, (saith he)
Ev'n like a Plowed field become to be;
And like a Egyptian hill, where bushes grow,
The Citie of Jerusalem shall throw.

Change but the names, oh *Britain*, and that token
Of desolation, unto thee is spoken.
For, what this day thy *Priests* and *Princes* are,
Their actions, and the peoples eyes declare.

A fifth sure *evidence* that God among
Thy ruines will entomb thy fame e're long,
(If thou repent not) is ev'n this, that thou
Dost ev'ry day the more ungodly grow.
By how much more the blessed meanes of grace
Doth multiply it selfe in ev'ry place,
God sends unto thee manly, learned Preachers,
Apostles, *Pastors*, and all kind of teachers;
His *Visions*, and his *Prophecies* upon thee
He multiplies. And (that he might have won thee
To more sincerity) on all occasions,
By counsell, by entreatie, and perswasions,
He hath advis'd, alluted, and besought thee;
With precept upon precept, he hath caught thee;
By line on line; by miracle; by reason
In ev'ry place; in season, out of season;
By little and by little; and by much
(Sometime) at once; yet, is thy nature such
That still thou waxest wooddie; and in the roome
Of pleasant Grapes, more Thistles daily come:
And, thou that art so haughty, and so proud,
For this, shalt vanish like an empty cloud;
And, as a Lion, Leopard, or a Beare,
Thy God, for this, shall thee in pieces teare.

If thou suppose my *Muse* did this devise,
Goe take it from *Hosea's* Prophesies

The sixth undoubted *Signall* when the last
Good dayes of sinfull *Realmes* are almost past,
Is when the people neere to God shall draw
In word, to make profession of his Law:
And by their tongues his praises forth declare,
Yet, in their hearts from him continue far.

To such a *Land*, their destiny displayes
Isaiah: for even thus the Prophet sayes:
God will produce a miracle in that state
And doe a Worke that men shall wonder at,
The wisedome of their wisest Counsellors,
Shall perish, and their prudent men shall erre,
On their deepe Counsels, sorrow shall attend;
Their secret plots shall have a double end;
Their giddy projects what they most desire,
Shall as the Potters clay be quite suppressed.
Like Carmel, Lebanon shall seeme to be,
Like Lebanon, shall make mount Carmel see,
Their pleasant Fields like Deserts shall appeare,
And, there shall Deserts be, where Deserts were.

God keepe thee *Britaine* from this plague from thee;
For, lighes thereof upon thy Body be.
Thou of the purest worship make it profession,
Yet, waxest more impure in any condition.
Thou boastest of the knowledge of Gods word,
Yet, thereunto all manners to accord
Thou dost refuse. Thou makest protestation
Of piecie, yet hatest reformation.
Yea, when thy tongue doth sing of praise divine,
Thy heart doth plot some temporall designe.
And, some of those, who in this wise are holy,
Begin to shew their wisedome will be folly.

For

For, when from sight those staires that deepest hide
By God Almighties eyes they are espide,
The seventh *Sigillum* is a dreadfull blow,
(If not of a perpetuall overthrow)
Is when a slumbring Spirit doth surprize
A nation, and hath closed up their eyes;
Or when the *Prophets* and the *Seers* are
So clouded, that plaine truths do not appeare;
Or when the *Visions* evidently seene
Are passed by, as if they had not beene;
Or when to Nations who can reade, God gives
His *Booke*; and thereof doth unseale the leaves,
And bids them reade the same, which they to do
Deny, unpliable, unable nere the lesse
Blacke *signes* are these: For if that *Booke* to them,
Still darke; or as a Booke unsealed seeme;
Or, if they heede no more what here is said,
Then they that have the *Booke*, and cannot reade:
The *Antiphrases*, last repeated, are the doomes,
That shall on such a stupid *Nation* comes.
This *signe* is come on us; for, loe, unsealed
Gods *Booke* is now among us, and revealed
Are all the *Mysteries* which doe concerne
The children of this present age to learne.
So well hath he instructed this our land,
That we not onely reade, but understand
The secrets of his *Word*. The prophecies
Of his chaste *Spouse*, are before our eyes
Unveiled: and interpretations
Are made, and many proper applications
Ev'n to our selves, if we our hearts so blind
That what we know and see we doe not mind.
We heare, and speake, and much adoe we keepe
But we as senselesse are as those asleepe.

What then we doe. Yea, whilst that we are talking,
What snares are in the way where we are walking,
We heed not what we say, but passe along;
And, many times, are fast insnar'd among
Those mischiefes, and those faults we did condemne,
Before our tongues have leisure mention them.
For our neglect of God in former times,
(Or for some present unrepented crimes)
A slumbring *Spirit* so possesseth us,
That our estate is wondrous dangerous.
We see and heare, and tell to one another
Our perils, yet we headlong haste together
To wilfull ruine: and are growne so mad:
That when our friends a better course perswade,
Or seek to stop us (when they see us run
That way in which we cannot safe shun):
We persecute those men with all our soules,
That we may damn our selves without controule.
The eight plaine *Signe*, by which I understand
That some devouring mischiefe is at hand,
Is that malicious nesse which I doe see
Among *Professors* of one Faith to be.
We that have but one *Father*, and one *Maister*,
Doe persecute, and torture one another.
So hotly, we oppose not *Antichrist*
As we our fellow-brethren doe resist:
The *Protestant*, the *Protestant* defies?
And, we our selves, our selves doe scandalize.
Our *Church* we have exposed to prove to nought,
And her faire seamlesse *Vestments* rent, and rumpt,
By our owne fury, more then by their plagie
Who are to us directly opposite.
To save an Apple, we the Tree destroy,
And, quarrels make for ev'ry needlesse toy.

From

From us, if any brother differ shall
But in a crochet, we upon him fall
As eagerly, and with as bitter hate,
As if we knew him for a *Reprobate*.
And, what ever all this doth signifie,
Saint *Paul* (by way of caveat) doth imply,
Take heed (saith he) *lest while ye bite each other,*
You, of your selves, consumed be together.

Another *Signe* which causeth me to feare
That our confusion is approaching neere,
Are those *Disunions* which I have espide,
In *Church*, and *Common-wealth*, this present tide.
We cannot hide these rents; for they doe gape,
So wide, that some their Jawes can hardly scape.
Would God, the way to close them up we knew,
Else, what they threaten, time will shortly shew;
For, all men know, a *Citie* or a *Land*,
Within it selfe divided, cannot stand.

The last blacke *Signe* that here I will repeat,
(Which doth to Kingdomes desolation threat)
Is when the hand of God Almighty brings
The people, into bondage, to their Kings.
I say, when their owne *King* shall take delight,
Those whom he should protect, to rob, and smite.
When they who fed the Sheep, the Sheep shall kill,
And eate them; and suppose they doe no ill.
When God gives up a Nation unto those
That are their neighbours, that they may, as foes,
Devoure them. When (oh *England!*) thou shalt see
This come to passe, a signe it is to thee
That God is angry; and a certaine token
That into pieces thou shalt quite be broken:
If not by forraine strength, by force at home;
And, that thy greater torment will become.

This *Vengeance*, and this fearefull preparation,
Of bringing ruine on a sinfull Nation,
(If they remaine impenitent) the Lord
Doth menace; and, by *Zachary* record,
To make us wise. Oh! let us therefore learne,
What now is comming on us, to discerne.
For, (well considered if all things were)
From this *Captivity* we seeme not farre.
It now already seemes to be projected;
Nay, little wants of being quite effected.
For, they that are our *Shepheards*, now, are they
That fleece us, and endevor to betray
Our lives and freedomes. Those great men that be
Our neighbours (and can claime no more then we)
Would sell us: and, attempt to gaine a pow'r,
Whereby they may, at pleasure, us devoure:
And had not we a King, as loth to make
His people slaves, as from himselfe to take
His lawfull right; (or, were there not some lett
Vnheeded, which is unremoved yet)
E're this (and justly too) the hand of heaven
Into perpetuall bondage us had given.
And, if we doe not more Gods will regard,
That mischiefe is but for a time deferr'd.
Our *King* is just and mercifull; and tho
Some may (with loyall, and a gilded show
Of pious equity) a while affay
To leade his judgement in his youth astray;
Yet, God (I hope) will keepe him so, that he
Shall still be just, (though we ungodly be)
And make him in the fittest houre expresse
His royall *Iudgement*, and his *Kingborn sinceritie*.
But, if God should from us (as God forbid)
Take him, as once he good *Iosiah* did,

He

He also will (unlesse we mend) perchance,
In times to come, a *Shepherd* here advance,
Who shall not plead for what his *Young men* say
Is just; but, take the lame, perforce, away.
An Idoll *Shepherd*, who shall neither care
To find or look for those that strayed are;
Nor guitted the *Lambs*, nor cure what hath a wound;
Nor cherish those that sume to him are found;
But, take the fat, and rob them of their fleeces;
And eate their flesh, and break their bones in peeces.

More *Signes* I might, as yet, commemorate,
To shew Gods *patience* is nigh out of date;
But, these are signes enough, and to apparant,
That twenty more will give no better warrant
To what I speake. Yet, if these false appeare,
That's one signe more, our *fall* approacheth neere.

Be mindfull, therefore, while it is a *Day*;
And, let no good occasion slip away.
Now rend your hearts, ye *Britaines*, wash, & rinse them
From all corruption; from all evill cleanse them.
Goe offer up the pleasing sacrifice
Of *Righteousnesse*; from folly raise your eyes.
Seeke peace, and follow it, with strict pursuit;
Relieve the needy, judgement execute;
Refresh the weary; right the fatherlesse;
The strangers, and the widowes wants redresse;
Give praise to God; depend with lowly faith,
On him; and what his holy Will is, saith;
Remember what a price thy ransome cost;
And, now redeeme the time that thou hast lost.

Returne, returne thou, oh backsliding Nation,
And, let thy teares prevent thy desolation.
As yet, thou shalt returne; for, Gods embrace
Is open for thee, if thou hast the grace.

To give it meeting. Yet, repentance may
Prevent the mischiefes of that evill day,
Which here is menac'd: yet, thou maist have peace,
And by discreet endeavouring, encrease
Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing,
Which will additions to thy comfort bring.
If this thou doe; these fearfull threatnings all,
(Repeated here) to mercies change he shall.
We cannot say, it will excuse thee from
All chastisement; or that no blow shall come.
For, peradventure, thou so long hast bin
Unpenitent, that some *loud crying sin*
Hath wak'd that *Vengeance*, which upon thy crimes
Must fall (as once in *Jeremiahs* times)
Without prevention; to exemplifie
Gods hate of sin to all posteritie.
But, sure we are, that if he doth not stay
His threatned hand, the stroke that he doth lay
Will fall the lighter; and become a blessing,
Thy future joyes, and vertues more encreasing,
Than all that large prosperity and rest
Which thou so long together, hast possest.
God (with a *Writers inke borne*) one hath sent,
To set a *marke* on them that shall repent;
And bids him promise in his *Name*, that they
Who shall (recanting) leave their evill way,
And in their hearts, bewaile the grievous crimes,
And miseries of *Sion*, in their times;
That they shall be secure, and saved from
The hand of these so *Destroyers*, which must come:
Or else by their destruction find a way
To that repairing which will ne're decay.
Yea, thou, oh *Britaine*! if thou couldst reforme
Thy manners, might'st expell the dreadfull storme:

Now

Now threatned; and thy foes (who triumph would
The ruine of thy glory to behold
And jeere thee when thou falleſt) ſoone ſhall ſee
Thy God returning, and avenging thee:
On their inſultings: yea, with angry blowes
He would effect their ſhamefull overthrowes,
Or turne their hearts. For when from ſin men ceaſe,
God makes their enemies, and them, at peace.

Moreover, thou ſhalt have in thy poſſeſſing,
Each inward grace, and ev'ry outward bleſſing;
Thy fruitfull *Herds* ſhall in rich paſtures feed;
Thy ſoyle ſhall plenteouſly encreaſe thy ſeed:
Thy Flock, ſhall neuher Shepherds want, nor meat;
Cleane provander, thy ſtabled beaſt ſhall gate:
There ſhall be Rivers in thy Dales; and Fountaines
Upon the tops of all thy nobleſt Mountaines:
The *Moone* ſhall caſt upon thee beames as bright
As now the *Sunne*, and with a ſevenfold light.
The *Sunne* ſhall bleſſe thee. He that reignes in thee
To all his people reconcil'd ſhall be;
And they ſhall find themſelves no whit deceived,
In thoſe goodhopes which are of him conceived:
But he, (and they, who ſhall his throne poſſeſſe
When he is gone) ſhall reigne in righteouſneſſe;
And be moſt carefull of thy weale (by far)
Then parents of their childrens profits are.

Thy *Magiſtrates*, with wiſdome ſhall proceed
In all that ſhall be counſell'd or decreed:
As *Harbours*, when it blowes tempeſtuouſly;
As *Rivers*, unto places over-dry;
As *Shadowes* are to eyen oppreſt with heat;
As to a hungry ſtomack wholſome meat;
To thee, ſo welcome, and as much contenting
Thy *Nobles* will become, on thy repenting.

Thy

Thy *Prelats* shall preach true doctrine in thy *Temples*;
And make it fruitfull by their good examples.
Thy God, with right couragefie shall them stay,
And heare and answer them, when they doe pray.
Thy eyes, that much are blinded, shall be cleare;
Thy eares, that yet are deafned, then shall heare;
Thy tongue, that stammers now, shall then speak plain;
Thy heart shall perfect understanding gaine;
The preaching of the *Gospell* shall encrease;
Thy God shall make thy comforts and thy peace,
To flow as doth a River; they who plant,
The blessing of their labour shall not want;
Thy poorest people shall at full be fed;
The meek, shall of no tyrant stand in dread;
Thou shalt have grace and knowledge, to avoid
Those things, whereby the rest may be annoid;
Thou shalt possesse thy wished blessings all,
And, God shall heare thee still before thou call.
But, as a *Chime*, whose frets all forlorne grow,
Can never cause it selfe in tune to goe;
Nor chime at all, untill some cunning hand
Doth make the same againe in order stand:
Or, as the *Clock*, whose plummets are not weight,
Strikes sometimes one for three, sometime for eight;
So fareth it with men and kingdomes all,
When once from their integrity they fall:
They may their *wonted* hurry run of frame,
But have no pow'r to rectifie the same:
That curious hand, which first those pieces wrought,
Must mend them still, or they will still be nought.
To thee I therefore now my speech convert,
Thou famous *Cornish*, ruler Chearon art,
Of heav'n and earth, and of those goodly *Spheares*
That now have whirled many thousand yeares,

(And

(And shall until thy pleasure gives it ending)
In their perpetuall motion without mending.
Oh ! be thou pleased by thy powerfull hand,
To set in order this depraved band.
Our whole *Salvation*, Lord, is out of frame,
And ev'ry thing still groweth worse and worse;
The way that leads quite from thee, we have hold;
Thy *Covenant*, and all thy *Statutes* broken
In mischiefes, and in folly, in our pleasures
Our crying sins have almost fill'd their measure;
Yet, ev'ry day we adde some new transgression,
And still abuse thy patience and forbearance.
Our *Governors*, our *Brethren*, and our *Nobles*,
Have by their fatall errors, spotted all our Notables;
Our *Priests* and all the *People*, have misgone
All kind of evill deeds, we all have done:
We have not lived as those examples of grace
Require, which thou hast granted to this place;
But rather worse than many who have had
Lesse helpes than we, of being better made.
No Nation under heaven so found fault with him,
That had so many warnings for their sins;
And such perpetuall *Willingnes*, as we,
To leave our wickednesse, and turne to thee.
As much as we, yet, we in stead of turning, further went
As plagues and we, still more encreased;
And when thy *Mercies* and thy *Graces* were most
To pull us backe; they seldome wrought but stay,
Or moved to repentance one whole day.
No blessings, no affliction, hath the power
As well as thy Spirit, to move compunction
To move compunction in us for one houre
Unlesse thou worke it. All that I can speake
(And all that I have spoken) till thou breake
And mollifie the heart, will fruitlesse be,
Not onely in my prayers, but in me.

If

If thou prepare not way for more effectes
All these *Remembrances* will fooliſh ſeeme
Nay theſe, in ſtead of moving to repentance
Will indignation move, and diſcontent,
Which will make hundred hearts obdurate more,
And make their fault much greater than before.
Unleſſe thou give ability, I may live
As well to make a marble ſtone alive,
As to effect my purpoſe; yea, all this
Like wholeſome counſell to a mad man is;
And, I for my good meaning ſhall be torne
In pieces, or expoſed be to ſcorne.
For, they againſt thy word doe ſtop their eare,
And, wilde in diſobedience, will not heare.
In this, we all confeſſe our ſelves to blame,
And that we therefore juſtly deſerved ſhame
Yea, Lord, we doe acknowledge, that for this
There nothing elſe to us pertaining is,
(Reſpecting our owne worth) but deſolation,
And finall rooting out, in thine compaſſion.
But gracious God, though ſuch our merit be,
Yet, mercy ſtill pertaineth unto thee:
To thee the act of pardoning and forgiving,
As much belongs (oh Father everliving)
As plagues to us; and it were better ſo
Our ſinnes had leſſe than their deſervings are,
Then that thy Clemency ſhould be outgone,
By all the wickedneſſe that can be done.
As well as theirs whoſe lives now leſe them have,
Thou canſt command thoſe bodies from the grave,
Who ſtink, and putrifie, and buried be
In their corruption. Such, oh Lord, are we.
Oh! call us from this grave; and ſhew thy power
Upon this much polluted Lump of our,

Which

Which is not onely sick of works unholy,
But almost dead and buried in her folly.
Forgive us all our slips, our negligences,
Our sins of knowledge, and our ignorances:
Our daring wickednesse, our bloudy crimes;
And all the stains of past and present times.
Permit not thy just wrath to burne for ever,
In thy displeasure doe not still persever:
But, call us from that pit of *Death*, and *Sin*,
And from that path of Hell which we are in.

Remember, that this *Vine* we had of thine,
Which had her planting by that hand of thine:
Remember, when from *Egypt* thou remov'dst it,
With what strong affection thou then lov'dst it:
How thou didst weed and dresse it heretofore:
How thou didst fence it from the forrest Boare:
And think how sweet a message she hath brought,
When thy first worke upon her thou hadst wrought.

Remember, that without thy daily care,
The choisest plants soone wilde and trunckie are:
And, that as long as thou shalt prune and dresse,
The sowrest *Vine* shall bring a sweet encrease.

Remember also, *Lord*, how still that *Foe*,
Who first purs'ed us, doth seek to sow
His tares amongst thy wheate; and to his power,
Breake downe thy fences, and trample, and devoure
The seeds of grace, as soone as they doe sprout:
And is not shining, for nor sleepe hath ours.
Oh! let not him prevaile, such harme to doe us,
As he desires, but, Lord, returne unto us,
Returne in mercy. Though thou find us slacke
To come our selves, fetch, draw, and pull us backe
From our owne courses, by thy grace divine,
And set, and keep us, in each way of thine.

We

We from our sins have never all been free,
And in thy love, oh Lord, preserve us be.
But now behold, displeased thou seem'st us by,
And we before our adversaries fly:
Our foes of known
At us our neighbouring Nations laugh and jeer;
And, as they list,
Oh God arise, reject us not for ever:
Permit not thy
No longer hide from us thy face away:
But, come, oh come with speed to give us aid,
And let us not be left thus quite decay'd.

Vouchsafe that every one in his degree
The secret sense of his
And, in his lawful calling all his days,
With what
How those
How
And thine
Then
Nay, give
That we
And, that as long
And in affliction
Then
For when thy countenance
Those Lands that
Had not that joy which
When we
Oh
Our lives. Restore
Thy
In purity: and teach us
In holiness and
We shall the number of our days
Defend these
By forraigne enemies, or home-bred foes.

Our

Our *King* with ev'ry grace and vertue blesse,
Which may thine honour and his owne increase.
Inflame our *Nobles* with more love and zeale,
To thy true *Spouse*, and to this *Common-weale*.
Inspire our *Clergie* in their severall places,
With knowledge, and all sanctifying graces;
That by their lives and doctrines they may reare
Those parts of *Sion*, which decayed are.
Awake this *People*, give them soules that may
Beleeve thy Word, and thy commands obey.
The *Plagues* deserv'd already, save them from.
More watchfull make them, in all times to come.
For blessings past, let hearty thanks be given.
For present ones, let sacrifice to heav'n
Be daily offred up. For what is needing
(Or may be usefull in the time succeeding)
Let faithfull prayers to thy throne be sent,
With hearts and hands upright and innocent:
And let all this the better furthred be,
Through these *Remembrances*, now brought by me.
For which high favour, and emboldning thus
My spirit, in a time so dangerous;
For chusing me, that am so despicable,
To be employed in this honorable
And great employment (which I more esteeme,
Than to be crowned with a *Diadem*)
For thy enabling me in this *Embassage*;
For bringing to conclusion this my *Message*;
For sparing of my life, when thousands dy'd,
Before, behind me, and on ev'ry side;
For saving of me many a time since then,
When I had forfeited my soule agen;
For all those griefes and poverties, by which
I am in better things made great, and rich,

Then all that wealth and honour brings man to,
Wherewith the world doth keepe so much adoe:
For all which thou to me on earth hast given;
For all, which doth concerne my hopes of heaven;
For these, and those innumerable graces,
Vouchsafed me, at sundry times, and places,
(Unthought upon) unfained praise I render:
And, for a living sacrifice, I tender
To thee (oh God) my body, soule, and all,
Which mine I may, by thy donation, call.
Accept it blessed *Maker*, for his sake
Who did this offring acceptable make;
By giving up himselfe. Oh! looke thou not
Upon those blemishes which I have got
By naturall corruption; or by those
Polluted acts which from that ulcer flowes.
According to my skill, I have enroll'd
Thy *Mercies*; and thy *Justice* I have told,
I have not hid thy workings in my breast,
But as I could, their pow'r I have exprest
Among our great assemblies, to declare
Thy will and pleasure, loe, I doe not feare:
And though by Princes I am checkt and blamed;
To speake the truth, I am no whit ashamed.
Oh! shew thou, Lord, thy mercy so to me;
And let thy Love and Truth, my guardians be!
Forgive me all the follies of my youth;
My faulty deeds; the errors of my mouth;
The wandrings of my heart, and ev'ry one
Of those good workes that I have left undone.
Forgive me all wherein I did amisse,
Since thou employd'st me in performing this;
My *doubtings* of thy calling me unto it;
My *feares*, which oft dishearned me to doe it;

My

My *sloth*, my *negligences*, my *evasions*,
And my deferring it, on vaine occasions,
When I had vowed that no worke of mine,
Should take me up, till I had finisht thine.
Lord, pardon this; and let no future sin,
Nor what already hath committed bin,
Prophane this *Worke*; or cause the same to be
The lesse effectuall to this Land, or me.
But to my selfe (oh Lord) and others, let it
So moving be, that we may ne're forget it.
Let not the evill, nor the good effect
It takes, or puffe me up, or me deject:
Or make me thinke that I the better am,
Because I tell how others are to blame:
But, let it keepe me in a Christian feare,
Still humbly heedfull what my actions are.
Let all those *observations* I have had,
Of others errors, be occasions made
To mind me of mine owne. And, lest I erre,
Let ev'ry man be my *Remembrancer*;
With so much charity, as I have sought
To bring their duties more into our thought.
And, if in any sin I linger long,
Without repentance; Lord, let ev'ry tongue
That names me, check me for it: and, to me
Become, what I to others faine would be.
Oh! let me not be like those busie *broomes*,
Which having clensed many nasty roomes,
Doe make themselves the foulet: but sweet *Father*,
Let me be like the precious *Diamond* rather,
Which doth by polishing another stone,
The better shape and lustre, set upon
His owne rough body. Let my life be such,
As that mans ought to be, who knoweth much

Of thy good pleasure. And, most awfull God,
Let none of those who spread of me abroad
Unjust reports, the Devills purpose gaine,
By making these my warnings prove in vaine
To those that heare them: but let such disgraces,
Reflect with shame, upon their Authors faces,
Till they repent. And let their scandall serve
Within my heart true *meeknesse* to preserve;
And that *humility*, which else, perchance,
Vaine-glory, or some naturall arrogance
Might overthrow, if I should think upon (done.
(With carnall thoughts) some good my lines have
Restraine, moreover, them who out of pride,
Or ignorance, this Labour shall deride.
Make them perceive, who shall prefer a story
Composed for some temporall friends glory,
Before those Poems which thy works declare,
That vaine and witlesse their opinions are:
And, if by thee I was appointed, Lord,
Thy *Judgements* and thy *Mercies* to record,
(As here I doe) set thou thy mark on those,
Who shall despightfully the same oppose:
And let it publikely be seene of all,
Till of their malice they repent them shall.
As I my conscience have discharged here,
Without concealing ought for love, or feare;
From furious men let me preserved be,
And from the scorne of fooles deliver me.
Vouchsafe at length some comforting reflection,
According to the yeares of my affliction.
On me, for good, some *token* please to show,
That they who see it, may thy bounty know;
Rejoyce, with fellow-feeling of the same,
And joyne with me, in praising of thy *Name*.

And left (oh Lord!) some weake ones may despise
My words, because of such necessities,
As they have brought upon me, by their spight,
Who to my *Studies* have beene opposite:
Oh! give me that which may sufficient be,
To make them know that I have served thee.
And that my labours are by thee regarded,
Although they seeme not outwardly rewarded.
Those *Honors*, or that *Wealth*, I doe not crave,
Which they affect, who most endeavored have
To please the *World*. I onely aske to gaine,
But *food* and *rayment*, Lord, for all my paine;
And that the slaunders, and the poverties,
Wherewith my patience thou shalt exercise,
Make not these *Lines*, or me, become a scorne,
Nor leave me to the world-ward, quite forlorne.
Yet, in preferring of this humble *Suit*,
I make not my request so absolute,
As that I will capitulate, or tye
To such conditions, thy dread *Majesty*,
For, if to honour but an earthly *Prince*
My *Muse* had sung; it had beene impudence
To prompt his bounty; or, to doubt he might
Forget to doe my honest Labours right.
Doe therefore as thou pleasest: onely give
Thy *Servant* grace contentedly to live,
And, to be thankfull, whatsoever shall
In this my weary *Pilgrimage* befall.
Such things thou dost command me to require,
With earnest, and an absolute desire:
With which I come: beseeching I may finde
Thy love continue, though none else be kinde;
That blessednesse eternall I may get,
Though all I lose on earth, to compasse it;

And

And that, at last, when thy accompt is even,
My payment may be summon'd up in heaven.
Lord, this will please me; call me quickly thither,
And pay me there my wages all together:
Not that which mine by merit seems to be,
But what by thy meere *grace* is due to me.

FINIS.